

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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The Sculpture of Douglas Tilden.

THAT San Francisco is one of the most picturesque cities in the world is the testimony of many a traveler. The more than seven hills rising steeply from the water, "cited to the top"; the broken out-line of its towers, spires, and palatial residences, silhouetted against a sunset sky; the magnificent tiara of its myriad lights at night, from the scintillant diamonds at the top, hardly distinguishable from the actual stars with which they mingle, to the great rubies and emeralds at the ferry landings at the base, that cast their long reflections on the quiet waters of the Bay,—each aspect produces a picture that more than once has called to the mind of the jaded traveler the line,—

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

But heretofore there has been little in the city itself to answer the high expectations aroused by the first view: the architecture on closer inspection generally proved to be flimsy or pretentious; the statues and monuments were few in number and unspeakably bad in design and execution. The picturesqueness of the city seemed to come not from the taste and culture of its inhabitants but from the accident of its position, and the wise San Franciscoan hurried his traveled friend as rapidly as possible out to our shows, Golden Gate Park and the seals!

But we are fast changing all that. San Francisco has entered on a period of artistic embellishment. Her leading citizens now seem animated by a spirit akin to that that led the old Athenians to make their city renowned for its beauty; and buildings have been erected that would anywhere attract attention by their solidity, symmetry, and appropriate decoration. More significant still, several monuments have been set up that should make forever impossible the monstrosities that formerly disfigured our streets; and others are in various stages of preparation. The success of one of these has directed public attention to the work of a native sculptor, Mr. Douglas Tilden, and it has been thought that a resume of his career would be of interest to the readers of the *Overland*.

On both the paternal and maternal side Mr. Tilden is descended from old colonial stock. His ancestor, Marmaduke Tylden, came to America in 1625, and settled in Maryland, where he became owner of Great Oak Manor, an estate of thirty-one thousand acres. A number of his maternal ancestors were officers, from captain to brigadier-general, during the two wars with England; and his maternal grandfather was a pioneer of pioneers. He came to California in 1846, two years before the discovery of gold, and became the last alcalde of Santa Cruz. Mr. Tilden's father, Doctor W. P. Tilden, came ten years later; was twice a member of the Legislature; and for many years Director of the State Asylum for the Insane.

Douglas himself was born at Chico, May 1st, 1860. An attack of scarlet fever at the age of five having left him incurably deaf, he was sent

to the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Berkeley, and remained there till his graduation in 1870. He entered the University of California in the class of '83 with Theodore Grady, the well-known deaf-mute lawyer; but a vacancy occurring in the faculty of the Institute, he gave up a collegiate education to accept a position as a teacher. Throughout his student-



FABER PHOTO DOUGLAS TILDEN. SILENT WORKER ENG
Member of the American Sculpture Society, Fellow of the
Royal Society of Arts, Sculptor, Architect, Writer,
Teacher and Clubman.

life he was a member of the drawing-class, and for about a month drew from casts at San Francisco School of Design, then under the direction of Virgil Williams. His latent talent was, however, slow in developing, and it was not until he was twenty-three that he discovered, almost by accident, in what line of artistic endeavor his strongest abilities lay. To quote his own words:

On going home in the vacation I was shown a plaster copy of one of the Flamingo boys. It was modeled by my twelve-year-old brother. My first sensation was that of surprise and admiration. The art of putting together clay and creating with it a harmonious and beautiful something, was a mystery to me, and it was explained for my benefit. I looked long at the chubby face hung on the wall, and I asked myself, "Can I do the same?" I knew nothing about sculpture; it never once had a place in my thoughts.

So strong was the impression made that he at once sought Mr. Marion Wells, who had been his brother's instructor, and from him learned the

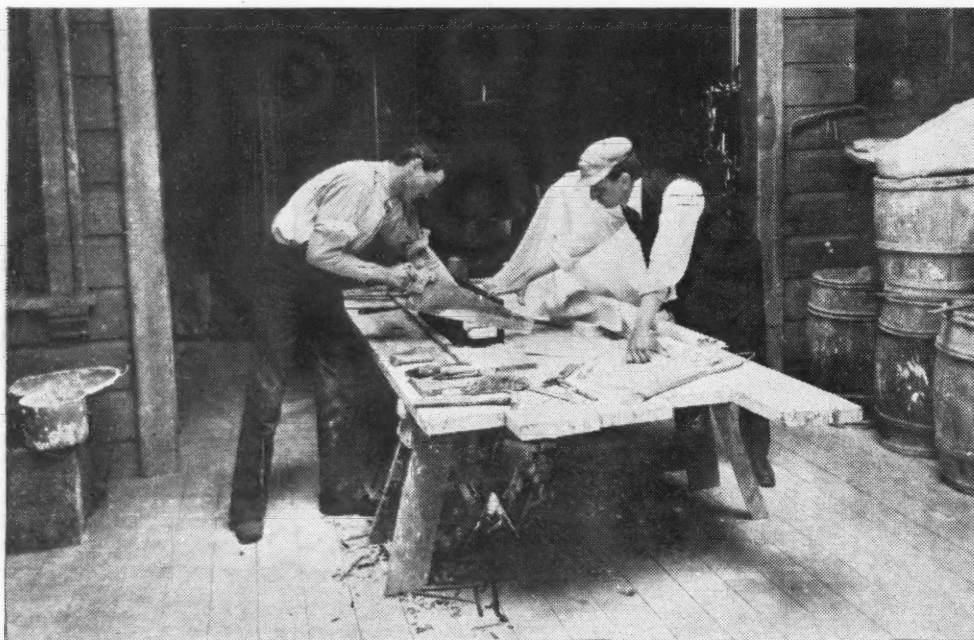
technique of the art with such rapidity that at the end of a month he was able to work alone. He continued teaching at the Institute for four years longer; spending all his leisure in modeling with a growing conviction that he had found his life-work. In 1885 he produced what he considers his first work, a small statuette entitled *The Tired Wrestler*, a seated figure of a nude man with a massive torso, which shows that its maker was at that time strongly under the influence of the antique, especially of the Græco-Roman sculptors. While characterized mainly by virile strength, this work, which is now at the Institute at Berkeley, is by no means lacking in grace and delicacy. So successful was it considered that the Trustees determined to give Mr. Tilden the benefit of a fund established for the help of especially meritorious students and to send him abroad for further study. After seven months in the National School of Design at New York, he sailed for the Mecca of art-students.

In place of entering any school in Paris, he became a private pupil of Paul Chopin, a gold medalist at the Salon, and like Mr. Tilden himself, a deaf-mute. He was never permitted to watch his master at work, but had his own atelier, to which the instructor came at stated times to give his pupil criticisms and suggestions. After five months of this Mr. Tilden felt able to work independently, and the thirteen months enumerated constitute all of the instruction he has had in his art. During the whole of his seven years in Paris, however, he haunted the museums, galleries, and salons, and read assiduously on the history of sculpture and the methods of its masters. He came under the influence of no man sufficiently to destroy his individuality; but one knowing their work is not surprised that he expresses the highest admiration for the works of such "robust" sculptors as Fremiet, Dalon, and Rodin,—and the greatest of these is Rodin.

That the novice had not overrated his abilities was proved by the acceptance of the first work that he sent to the salon, the statue known as *The Baseball Player*, or *Our National Game*.

His own interest in athletics and his acute perception of the artistic value of this phase of modern life had guided him in the choice of a subject, and the figure of the strong, alert young pitcher about to deliver the ball impresses one as a direct transcript from life. The munificence of Mr. W. E. Brown, who had the statue cast in bronze and presented it to Golden Gate Park, has made this early work by Mr. Tilden familiar to every San Franciscoan. But Mr. Brown's interest in the sculptor did not stop here. He was also the leading spirit in the movement that led to the purchase of the *Tired Boxer* for the Olympic Club, and on numerous occasions gave the student material aid.

Following up his first success, the sculptor exhibited at the Salon of 1889 the bronze of *The Baseball Player* and a plaster cast of a new work, *The Tired Boxer*. The latter marked a distinct advance, being informed with a grace, beauty



TILDEN DIRECTING HIS ASSISTANTS.

and sentiment somewhat lacking in the earlier work. To one unfamiliar with the statue these may seem incongruous qualities to attribute to a work on such a subject; but a visit to the beautiful home of the Olympic Club, in which it has found a fitting resting place, will show him that they are actually present in the figure of the weary boxer stooping from his seat to pick up the glove that he has let fall, and he will not wonder that when exhibited in bronze in 1890 it gained for its maker the coveted "Mention Honorable" at the Salon.

Though both of these works had shown a marked tendency to depart from the hackneyed and conventional, the artist's contribution to the Salon of 1891, *The Young Acrobat*, possessed even greater originality. The chubby, naked baby balancing himself on his father's uplifted hand is a charming conceit charmingly executed appealing to many somewhat repelled from the other works by a lack of interest in their subject.

In 1892, a much more ambitious work was exhibited at the Salon, the large group known as *The Bear Hunt*, representing an Indian in the clutch of a grizzly, and with a look of despair and agony on his face, striving to protect himself and his crouching comrade, who has the bear's cubs held in leash, by giving the animal a death-blow. In a paper contributed to *THE SILENT WORKER* for October, 1898, Mr. Tilden himself tells how a sculptor's difficulties increase with the addition of every figure to his design. He writes:—

If it is difficult to make an image in marble or bronze that is beautiful on all sides, it is much more so in a group composed of two or more figures. Well, they must be so huddled together that a downward stroke of a sword cannot pass between the figures without lopping off a head or limb or even cutting open a whole body. This is one rule of grouping. The other is, we must again see whether the group on all sides carries out these same canons of symmetry, variety, beauty. This is a very hard nut to crack. Nor is that all. The sculptor must also keep an eye to the best effects of light and shadows and not be forgetful of the rules of perspective as well as of the law of gravity.

This work won the sculptor the honor of appointment on the jury of the Columbian Exposition and with all of his previous works, was exhibited there. After the close of the Exposition it remained for some months in the Field Columbian Museum, but in 1895 was brought to this city. It was exhibited at the spring exhibition of the Art Association the following year, and is now at the Institute in Berkeley.

While the works named were evoking the admiration of the artist's countrymen at Chicago he was winning yet another success in Paris. In the Salon of 1893 he exhibited *The Football Players*, a graceful group of two young men, one

of whom has been injured in the game and stands with the ball pressed to his side by his right arm while his left hand rests lightly on the shoulder of the kneeling comrade who is bandaging his leg. The grace and beauty of the figures are noticeable, but it is the harmonious composition that makes this one of the most successful of the artist's works. The dress of the players has been objected to by those familiar only with the ludicrous costume in which our heroes of the gridiron seek glory, but is said by the artist to be a faithful reproduction of that worn by the London teams that he watched at play. The group is being cast in bronze in a Parisian foundry and will undoubtedly adorn some park in California before long.

This was the work produced by Mr. Tilden abroad. He returned to San Francisco in 1894 and soon after his arrival was made instructor in modeling at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, a position he still holds. While he has been engaged on several important works since his return, only one has as yet reached completion, the monumental fountain, commemorative of the admission of California as a State, dedicated to the Native Sons and presented to the city by its

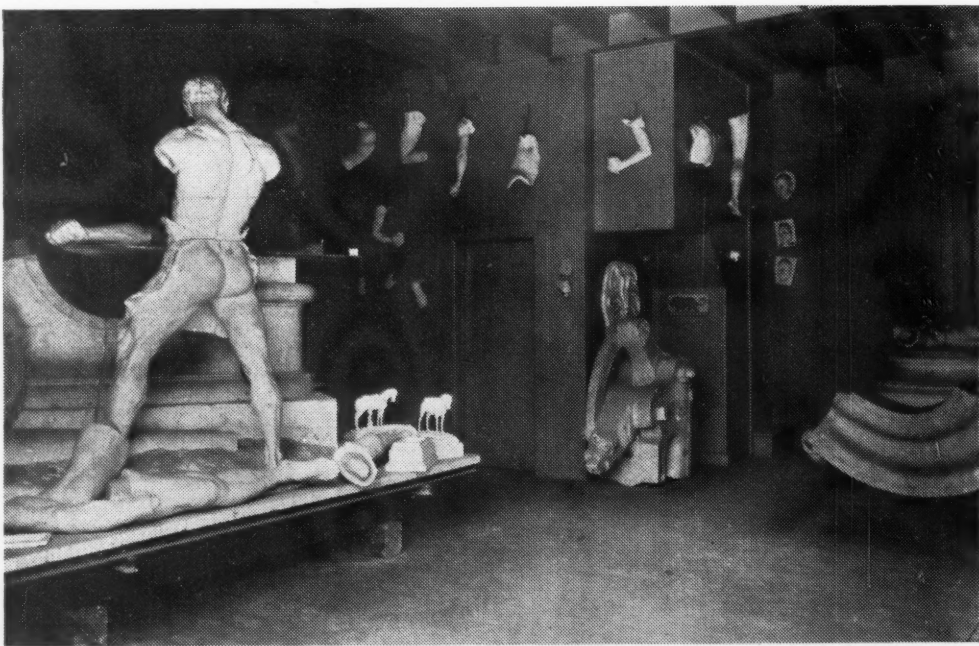
public-spirited young Mayor, James D. Phelan, on the fifth of last September. On this the sculptor worked for many months, the design finally accepted having been selected from no less than twelve submitted. The treatment of the subject is strikingly original; and though the limits of sculpture may be somewhat transcended, the boldness of the design and the excellence of the execution would make the monument a noteworthy one in any city. The figure at the base has provoked some criticism, not because of the lack of any æsthetic quality, but because it seems unnatural that the cheering miner should swing the flag with his left hand while holding his pick over his shoulder with his right; and the present writer is one of the many who preferred the even more spirited figure in which the flag was raised aloft by the right hand while the hat was swung with the left. But about the figure that crowns the slender granite shaft, the genius of California holding on high an open book on whose pages is inscribed the date, "Sept. 9, 1850," there is but one opinion; and it is an open secret that the fair Californian who inspired the creation that so fitly represents the genius of the State was none other than the sculptor's charming wife.

Regret has been expressed that the monument was erected so far up town and in an open space so restricted that the proximity of the surrounding buildings detracts much from its impressiveness; and it has been suggested that the foot of Market street should have been utilized as a site. But surely that space should be reserved for a fitting statue to him from whom our city takes its name, that pure, gentle spirit whom Protestants as well as Catholics should be proud and glad to honor, the compassionate, self-denying St. Francis of Assisi.

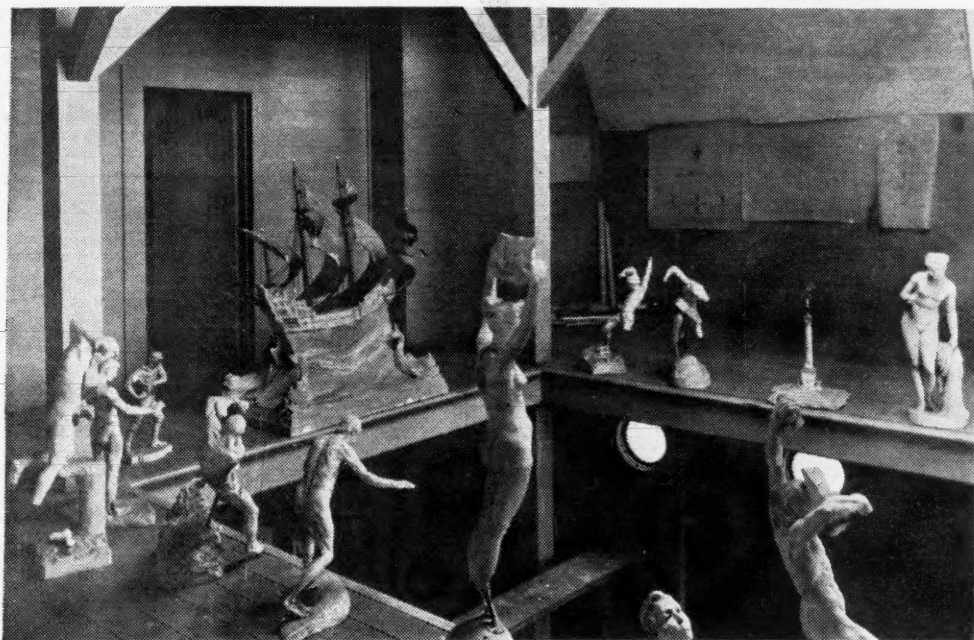
An alternative design for the figure of the pioneer is used on the cover of the February *Overland*. It was shown at the Fall Exhibition of the Art Association, and is perhaps even better known than the one east because of its having been adopted as the chief feature of the poster announcing the Golden Jubilee.

The success of the Native Sons' Fountain has brought to Mr. Tilden not only invitations to enter several competitions in the East, but at least two commissions for somewhat similar works to be erected in our own city. Mr. Phelan has given further proof of his interest in local history and his intelligent and liberal patronage of art by ordering a statue of Balboa, to be placed in Golden Gate Park at a point overlooking the ocean, and to represent the discoverer,—

When with eagle eyes
He started at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.



EXHIBITION ROOM OF CASTS.



BALCONY OVER MODELING ROOM.

Two sketches in clay now stand in the sculptor's studio, but they have not yet been submitted for Mr. Phelan's approval. A photograph of one of them is given here, which, whether accepted or not, seems to me in force and originality no whit below the artist's best work.

The Donahue memorial fountain has, however, progressed somewhat further. James Mervyn Donahue, son of Peter Donahue, the pioneer ship and railroad builder, left a bequest of \$25,000 for the erection of a public fountain to be dedicated to mechanics in memory of his father. And the city some years ago set aside the junction at the gore of Market, Bush, and Battery streets as a site. Shortly after the unveiling of the Native Sons' fountain the trustees entrusted to Mr. Tilden the production of a suitable design. The problem was by no means an easy one, to produce a fountain that should satisfy æsthetic demands and at the same time be equally suggestive of the life-work of those to whom it was to be dedicated, the mechanics of San Francisco. The sculptor had made three more or less conventional designs that by no means satisfied him, whom one morning as he was passing a shop on Madison street he caught a glimpse of workmen operating a large lever punch. Instantly he saw a motif for the memorial, and ere long had produced the design pictured for the first time by photographic process in these pages. As will be seen, an immense lever press is being worked by three nude men while two others hold the sheet of metal that is to be punched. On a bracket on the front of the punch is a bust of Peter Donahue, and at the rear are the symbols of his profession, the anvil, propeller, and locomotive driving-wheel. From six lions' heads of granite around the laurel-entwined pedestal streams of water spout forth into a circular stone basin forty feet in diameter. As the figures are to be life-size, the total height of the memorial will be no less than twenty feet. The idea of adopting such a heavy, unpromising mass as an immense machine to such a purpose is almost bizarre in its originality; but the strong, agile figures are so composed that the whole work impresses one as light and full of grace. The trustees having accepted the design and the foundrymen and stone-cutters having made estimates within the amount of the bequest, we may hope ere long to see in enduring bronze and granite this notable addition to the artistic embellishment of the city's chief thoroughfare.

Considering Mr. Tilden's work as a whole, it impresses one principally by its simplicity, directness, and strength; its absence of mere sentimental prettiness. Knowing the antique well, he has sought his subjects in modern life; and has revealed the grace, beauty, and charm, in the seemingly commonplace and prosaic. "Art was given for that." The amount of his work is not large—only twelve figures counted separately,

since his student-piece in 1885—; but all are to be life-size or larger, and all, save the two produced since his return, won the honor of acceptance at the Salon. He is a young man, and the advance to be noted in his successive works makes it improbable that he has yet done his best. May he adorn the metropolis of his native State with many a masterpiece before he is taken from us by an East that seems so appreciative of the artistic work of California's talented sons and daughters. —*Overland Monthly*.

THIS SKETCH OF DOUGLAS TILDEN WAS TAKEN FROM AN OLD BOOK.

Notes by T. d'Estrella.

THE subject of our sketch was born in California on the 1st of May, 1860. There was no eclipse of the sun at the time of his birth, nor any earthquakes either; so it may be predicted that he will die quietly in his bed. Also that he will be 67 years old. This is almost as good as the inscription from the tombstone of a Tilden of the 18th century. "Mr.

Stephen Tilden died Nov. 27, 1770, aged 81 years. Here rests the body of the aged civilian poet and facetious companion. He delighted in the productions of men of wit and learning, was slave to no sect but adored the Diety with his understanding. He died with the utmost calmness and resignation." Mr. Douglas Tilden has an unbroken lineage up to a Crusader, Sir Richard Tilden, who fought under Cœur de Lion at the battle of Ascalon against the Sultan Saladin in 1190. To the best of Mr. Tilden's knowledge, there are only two survivors of his bunch living in the southern part of the Union, he and his relatives on the Pacific coast constituting the rest of the family. There are numerous Tildens in the New England and Middle States, but Mr. Tilden says they were an offshoot from the direct line in about 1400, a descendant named Nathanie, settling at Scituate, Mass., in 1628. He adds that the "Mayflower" pilgrims were steerage passengers at the time the Tildens were merchant princes and that his ancestor Marmaduke, a son of Sir William, was a member of the feudal nobility of Lord Baltimore's time, being seated at great oak Manor, Kent Co., Maryland, a possession of 30,000 acres. I found two "Tildens" in the record of the Hartford Institution, but Mr. Tilden thinks he is the only deaf-mute in his own line. [If there is any other deaf-mute by the name of Tilden, Mr. Tilden will be glad to hear from him.—T. d'E.]

He was a small boy when he first came to school—smaller than a whale—and about the only conspicuous thing about him was his red scarf, from which he got his sign.

Mr. Wilkinson has a story about Tilden which, every once in a while, he loves to retail to wondering crowds. The story runs in this wise:—When Tilden first came to school, he was possessed of a "southern" temper. He had an altercation with McKail, and threw the latter's hat on the ground. Mr. W. ordered him to replace the hat. No, he would not. He must do it. No, again. Mr. W.'s pride was up, and he resolved to see who would stand it longest. So he and Tilden adjourned to his room. Scene I. Mr. W. in an easy chair; Tilden on his knees. Mr. W. begins a lecture on the evil consequences of disobedience, concluding with an exhortation to repentance. Result unexpected. Tilden's right fist, in answer to it all, comes in violent contact with Mr. W.'s nose. Tableau. Scene II. Tilden goes out and puts MacKail's hat on his head. This was the result of a good spanking. Mr. W. also concludes the story by saying that Tilden, though sometimes troublesome, has been a remarkable good boy since. The small boys are hereby impressed with a due sense of Tilden's



SCULPTURE FOR THE TYMPANUM OF THE PEDIMENT OVER SOUTHERN ENTRANCE OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, BY DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Much commended by the Architects of the building.

goodness and greatness. The moral of the whole is: Fine arguments and flowery rhetoric are wasted on small boys who don't know signs; the reverse is the case when the arguments are *feet*.

Tilden was one of the pupils who went with Wilkinson to Sacramento, in the winter of 1865-6. He had been in school only two months then, but Mr. W. thought to astonish the Legislature with an exhibition of him. The Legislature did not confess itself astonished, for Legislatures will not confess they are in the wrong.

In another trip to Sacramento, in 1862 he (Tilden) was nearly run over by a freight locomotive—a large six-wheeler—called the "Amazon," but was saved by being propelled backward into a snow-bank. [I was a witness of this incident, but Tilden was not propelled by the locomotive. Some sudden impulse made him run across the track in front of the oncoming locomotive, and he got across just in time. It does not snow in Sacramento, and the snow-bank might have been made from shovellings from the top of the cars that had crossed the snow bound Sierra Nevada Mts., about one hundred miles off. The wonder was that the snow was not immediately melted by the wrath of the engineer of the locomotive which had by this time come to a stop.—T. d'E.]

Tilden and myself used to have wonderful day dreams together. We built up castles in the air that would have been the wonder and admiration of all, if they could have been seen. Among others was this. He and myself were to go to a lonely island in the South Pacific, with our wives only, and nobody else. There we were to increase and multiply. We were all to be deaf-mutes, and to have a town of our own, *et cetera*. We were to live in perfect happiness. Pity this was all an Utopian dream. [The question now is which of the two boys did the more imagining?—T. d'E.]

But we have spun out our yarn long enough. It only remains to be added that Tilden has been called the "Lazy Member," and that he was so called because he neglected to keep a record as Secretary of the Club. He was thrown overboard at the same time with Grady.

He is fifteen years old now—going on sixteen. Has blue eyes, and mouse colored hair. *Will be a great man, if it is in him to be so.*

CHARLES SMITH.

[Charles Smith was one of the most talented pupils produced by the California Institution. He was known as a "walking encyclopedia," as there were few questions asked by visitors that he could not answer on the blackboard. He was a student at the University of California, and afterwards taught a short time at the Institution, death cutting short his life in his twenty-first year, just as he was entering upon a comprehensive course of study and research with a view to writing a history of Spain, taking Prescott as his model. He was a member of the debating society of the Institution and as its club historian had left a book in his hand-writing that is now



THE FOOTBALL PLAYER, DOUGLAS TILDEN SC.

preserved as a precious relic of the old times. His biography of Mr. Tilden is given herewith. It is interesting to note his prophesy of Tilden's success.—THEOPHILIS d'ESTRELLA.]

The *Monumental News*, of Chicago, has this to say of Douglas Tilden's work:

"The Football Player," shown on this page, was the last work of Sculptor Douglas Tilden executed at Paris, where he studied seven years, and exhibited at the Salon of 1893. Three years afterwards Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, ordered a bronze replica made of it, and, in conjunction with the sculptor, who received no recompense for that reproduction, offered the statue as a trophy for a series of three football games between the teams of the California and Stanford Universities, which resulted in a victory for California. Since then they have remained masters of the football arena. Mr. Phelan also erected

the pedestal at his own expense. Owing to attempts at vandalism it was found necessary to put a fence around the monument on the campus.

"Mr. Tilden exhibited the plaster group at the Paris World's Fair and was awarded a bronze medal. It was next sent to the Buffalo Exposition, where it was set among the open-air sculpture, and, owing to some misunderstanding, not included in the fine arts exhibit. What gave the sculptor most chagrin was the nearly total destruction of the group at the close of the exhibition, the arm with the football having been wrenched off and other damages done. It is thought that the authorities of the exposition will make an attempt to repair the damages by ordering reproduction of the missing parts made in plaster from the bronze group on the California University campus and give the statue a permanent place in the Albright Museum, of Buffalo.

"Mr. Tilden has recently finished the fountain of 'Mechanics' for the city of San Francisco, which President McKinley was to have unveiled if the illness of his wife had not prevented. The cost of the monument was \$25,000. Mr. Tilden hopes to perfect arrangements for a memorial to the dead California soldiers of the Spanish-American war, to cost \$25,000. From 1894 to 1900 he was a member of the body of young men known as the Phelan regime, who made that period the most brilliant in the history of San Francisco, and he wielded a great influence in political and artistic circles. He is, perforce, of a quiet and retiring disposition, for he is a deaf mute, but is of unswerving and fearless convictions. He was for seven years a professor of sculpture of the Hopkins Art Institute, and within that short time produced a number of talented pupils such as Aitken, who modelled the statue of 'Victory' for the top of the Dewey Monument, and is designing the McKinley Monument; Cummings, who received an honorable mention at the Salon of this year, as reported in our November issue; Walter, who also received an honorable mention at last year's Salon; Miss Boyle, who is casting a bust of the late Prof. Joseph Leconte, of the California University; Misses Eastlake, Huber, McGloshan and others. The students pay fees for tuition, as is customary with most of the art schools, and the modeling class is necessarily small and fluctuates in the number of pupils.

"Mr. Tilden recently withdrew from the Hopkins Institute and Robert Aitken is his successor. About two years ago a report was telegraphed all over the country and appeared in London and Paris papers to the effect that Mr. Tilden had lost his mind, but it proved to be a reporter's fake. He evinces much interest in eastern competitions by responding to invitations whenever he can, though the great distance from California has proved disadvantageous."



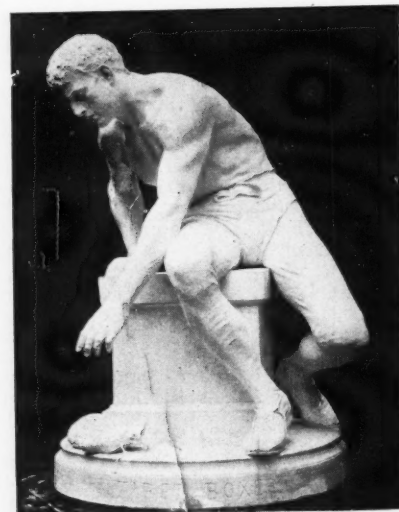
SILENT WORKER ENG

THE "BEAR HUNT,"
Now on the Grounds of the Institute for the Deaf,
Berkeley



SILENT WORKER ENG

THE ADMISSION DAY FOUNTAIN
(Looking up Mason street)



SILENT WORKER ENG

THE "TIRED BOXER"
Now in possession of the Olympic Club of
San Francisco

DONOHUE FOUNTAIN AND SOLDIER'S MONUMENT,
SAN FRANCISCO.

One of the most notable men who, in the rush for gold in the pioneer days built up the State of California, was Peter Donahue, a mechanic from New York city, who arrived in San Francisco in 1850. He melted his first pot of brass over a



DONAHUE MEMORIAL, SAN FRANCISCO, DOUGLAS TILDEN SC.

(Courtesy of the Monumental News.)

blacksmith's forge. From this small beginning grew the great Union Iron Works, that produced the battleships Oregon, Charleston, Wisconsin and others. Mr. Donahue also built the first railroad, the first street car line and the first gas plant in the state. His son James Mervyn Donahue, left a bequest of \$25,000 for the erection of a public fountain to be dedicated to mechanics in memory of his father. Shortly after the unveiling of the Phelan fountain, designed by Sculptor Douglas Tilden, the trustees of the Donahue estate entrusted to the sculptor the production of a suitable memorial. The *Overland Monthly* said: "The problem was by no means an easy one to produce a fountain that should satisfy the æsthetic demands and at the same time be equally suggestive of the life work of those to whom it was to be dedicated, the mechanics of San Francisco. The sculptor had made three more or less conventional designs that by no means satisfied him, when one morning, as he was passing a shop on Mission street, he caught a glimpse of workmen operating a lever punch. Instantly he saw a motif for the design. As will be seen, an immense lever is being worked by three nude men, while two others hold the sheet of metal that is to be punched. At the rear are the symbols of the profession, the anvil, propeller, locomotive driving wheel, etc. As the figures are made larger than life size, the total height will be about twenty feet. The idea of adapting such a heavy, unpromising mass as an immense machine to such a purpose is almost bizarre in its originality, but the strong, agile figures are so composed that the whole work impresses one as light and full of grace. The pedestal is surrounded by a basin thirty-eight feet in diameter, in which four dolphins spout out jets of water against the granite sides. The fountain was completed within a short time of the arrival of President McKinley in San Francisco and its unveiling was to have been the first of the many ceremonies inaugurated in his honor during his stay. A crowd of people so immense that the street car traffic was stopped was on hand that morning to witness the unveiling, when the word came that the sickness of the president's wife had reached

a crisis and his absence was unavoidable. The other picture illustrates the small sketch of the memorial to the California soldiers who died during the Spanish-American war, the commission for the building of which was lately awarded to Sculptor Tilden. At the close of the war a committee of citizens of San Francisco raised \$65,000 for the reception of the California regiments returning home from Manila. Of that sum it was decided to appropriate \$25,000 for a memorial and about three years ago a competition open to all sculptors was held. There were about thirty competitors, Grafty, Proctor and others being among the number. Mr. Tilden submitted an exedra which was adjudged to be the most meritorious model. But the committee could not agree as to the site, though the Golden Gate Park was announced in the circular as the favored spot, and, moreover, the size of the monument was objected to, it being alleged that the profit of the sculptor would be excessive in spite of the fact that the cost was to be only \$25,000 and there were to be three bronze life size figures in round and four life-size bas relief in stone. As a compromise Mr. Tilden submitted the new model, which was accepted, the site to be on a public thoroughfare. The design has been described in a former issue of the *Monumental News*.

The Chicago Art Institute and the St. Louis School of Fine Arts respectively possess the original casts of the "Tired Boxer" and "Base-ball Player," by the same sculptor. He was a member of the advisory committee for Paris at the Chicago Fair.

DOUGLAS TILDEN'S DESIGN FOR THE
GRANT MEMORIAL.

[Henry M. Shradly, son of Grant's family physician, Dr. Shradly, won the first prize, but Mr. Tilden admits that his design is undoubtedly the best. There is some resemblance between his and Mr. Tilden's design as to steps. In each case the platform is exactly six feet high. Statues of Grant are both quite the same.]

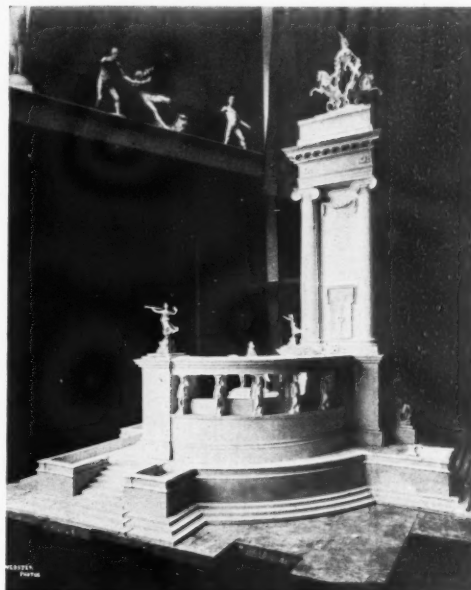
The contemplated cost of the completed work is \$250,000. It cost Mr. Tilden to make and ship his model to Washington, D. C. (labor and time not included) \$1000.00. The sketch was donated to Gallaudet college.]

MONUMENT TO SPANISH WAR SOLDIERS, SAN FRANCISCO,
DOUGLAS TILDEN, SC.

(Courtesy of the Monumental News.)

MR. TILDEN, in submitting his model of the Grant Memorial to the Honorable Board of Commissioners, gives the following conception, also plan for improvement of grounds around the White House:

The architectural motif is an amphitheatre or an *exedra* on a large scale with seats omitted, designed in the Roman classic style. The direction in which the statue of U. S. Grant looks,

SIDE VIEW OF MODEL FOR THE GRANT MEMORIAL,
DOUGLAS TILDEN SC.

(Courtesy of The Monumental News.)

constitutes the front of the monument; and that front looks in the direction of the Potomac River, while the back faces the White House. The Caryatids or supports on the inner row of the amphitheatre contemplate the equestrian group as a common centre, and like figures on the back row gather within the range of their vision a fanlike vista, the Army and Navy Building occupying the principle point on one side and the Treasury Building a like point on the other side.

The amphitheatre rests on a platform or podium six (6 ft.) high, with approaches in four directions of flights of steps. From the middle rises a tower, with an attached column on each corner and wings or peristyles extending round in a semi-circle from its two opposite sides.

The whole inner court is devoted to the war theme. Accordingly the Caryatids on that row are in the shape of Minervas or armed women, symbolic of the battles in which U. S. Grant took part, the name of one battle to be cut in the stone beneath each figure. The towers at the right and left ends of the semi-circle are ornamented with statues of, one side, *Victory* and on the other side, *Fame*. Under *Victory* are carved the words: "I propose to move immediately upon your works." The other tower bears the legend: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

In the middle of the amphitheatre, as a centre toward which the whole architectural scheme is to converge, and acts as a mere setting, thereby calling thereto the attention of the spectator, is the equestrian group. With the Minervas looking on as constant reminders of his achievements and *Fame* and *Victory* crowning him with wreaths of immortality, Grant sits quietly contemplating the scenes of his triumphs beyond the Potomac.

Going around the model, we come upon an entirely different phase. It is the apotheosis of Peace, or the glorification of the civic life of Grant. The Caryatids are statues of classic simplicity, with a parchment in one hand and a receptacle for rolls of paper after the ancient manner, by their side, and they represent Statesmanship. Under each of the statues is to be a saying or quotation from the general's public speeches or writings.

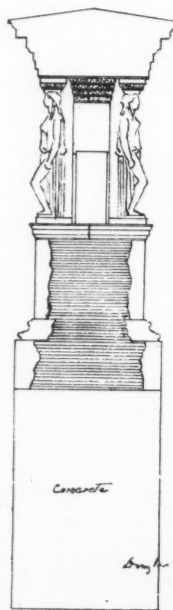
The only statuary on this side that is to be in



MODEL OF THE GRANT MEMORIAL.—FRONT VIEW.

bronze, is the group entitled *Peace*. *Columbia* stands directly in the front of the White House and holds out in that direction the mirror of Truth in one hand and the plamleaf of Peace in the other. In the front of her is the altar of the country, on which a voting urn rests. The front of the altar bears the legend: "Suffrage, 1868." Sitting on either side of the altar, are the North and South, clasping hands in forgiving oblivion, by the side of the ballot box. Still lower, a Northern warrior is succouring a wounded Southern brother, to whose lips Mercy is lifting, to use the words of George Washington, "the cup of reconciliation." This statuary illustrates the famous saying of U. S. Grant, in accepting the first nomination for the presidency. "Let us have Peace," and the period of reconstruction following the year 1868.

The words on the consoles of the stonedoors on the four walls of the central tower are respectively *War*, *Union*, *Liberty* and *Peace*, with corresponding symbolic ornaments. The last bronze statuary to be described, is the group of *America* or *Unity of the Country* on the top of the tower. Four horses are rearing themselves on their hind legs in the direction of as many cardinal points, and on the back of each horse is a human figure supporting on his shoulders a globe. The smallness of the design and want of time prevent a more elaborate elucidation of the statuary, but the men shall have the features of respectively a *Caucasian*, which stands for East, an *Indian* for North, a *Negro* for South and a *Mexican* or *Californian* for West. The globe represents the United States as a country, and around the ball run a belt with coats-of-arms of the thirteen original

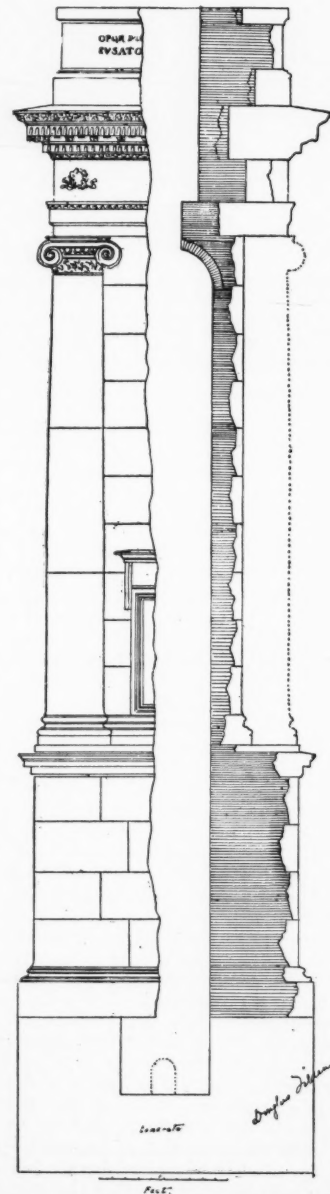


SECTION SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF PERISTYLE.

States. The eagle is the visible symbol of the Government seated at Washington.

I have noted the use: "Artists must submit with the models a plan for the improvement of the grounds upon which the statue or monument is to be located, said plans showing their relation to the completed work."

I present herewith a diagram showing the site I have chosen for the Grant Memorial and the reason for its architectural scheme, as well as a plan for the improvement of the grounds around said Memorial. I regret that, at this great distance, it is quite impossible to make as comprehensive a study of this subject, as I might, were I on the spot. I have never been in Washington. However, I understand that the site of the White House is higher than that of the President's Park. It is my belief that best effects may be obtained by raising the ground in the front of the White House, said ground to be surrounded by walls, somewhat after the manner of the enclosure opposite the Royal Palace of Stockholm, which has a connection with the street below by a grand stairway. I have lately noticed in newspapers an account of the same kind of improvements around the White House, after suggestions by Mrs. Mary Foote Henderson, of which I heartily approve. I opine that my model will harmonize with such a plan. A large part of the tower with its glimmering statuary on the top will be visible



SECTION SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF MAIN TOWER. THE SHADED PART IS BRICK.

from the White House, and instead of being an obstructure, I believe, will enhance the beauty of the prospect, and be a fit companion to the still noble Washington Monument, 2,500 feet distant.

To return to the map, it suggests that the ground in the front of the White House be raised and surrounded by walls. The southern extremity may be descended by a stairway with a fountain at the bottom. Crossing the road, one comes to the Grant Memorial. The whole of the President's Park may be a level stretch of lawn, with very little shrubbery and trees, except along the streets. On the left is the Sherman statue, and on the right, a kindred monument to be erected afterwards. Fountains and statuary may dot this

tempted to infuse this spirit, not only into the statuary, but also into the whole architectural work I think that his fame is above such extravagant praise as may be written in profuse sculptured representations of Liberty tearing asunder the chains of slavery and of shouting Bellonas urging on frenzied masses of fighting soldiers and dying horses, or in immense bas-reliefs depicting his whole career from his admission to West Point to his triumphal tour around the world. To embellish the Washington monument with statuary will add nothing to the majesty of the First Magistrate's virtue or the depth of our reverence for him who was "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." However, at the same



SILENT WORKER ENG.

TILDEN'S PARIS, STUDIO, 1891.

horseback, instead of urging the steed on to victory. I do not claim any originality for the conception of quietness and reserve of power. Sculptor Partridge had modelled such a equestrian group and the same idea was carried out more successfully by Sculptors French and Potter; and I purpose to treat the subject in my way, I hope, in as satisfactory a manner.

Having explained the motive that prevailed my design, I respectfully submit the model.

Very truly yours.

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

DEFINITIONS OF A DEAF-MUTE GENTLEMAN.

"He is a great man who can sacrifice every thing and say nothing."—*Selected.*

*

"Paste it in your hat that people of the highest position and greatest importance, as a rule, make the least trouble."—*Selected.*

*

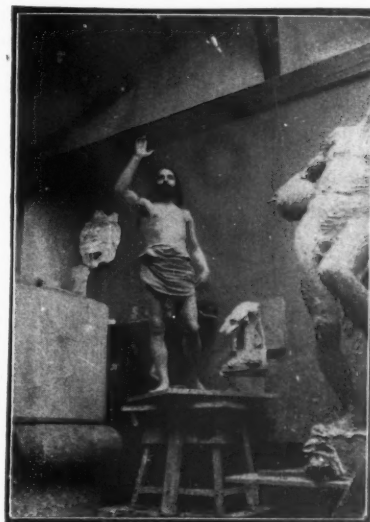
"The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect, to all men, chairity."—*Selected.*

*

"Among well-bred people, a mutual deference is affected; contempt for others disguised; authority concealed; attention given to each in his turn, and an easy stream of conversation maintained, without eagerness for victory and without any airs of superiority."—*Hume.*

*

And these few precepts in thy memory,
See these character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Thy friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment



SILENT WORKER ENG.

TILDEN'S MODEL FOR CHRIST
(Paris Studio)

Unfinished Football Player to the right.

WEBSTER
PHOTOS

MODEL FOR GRANT MEMORIAL.—BACK VIEW.

park, but it is suggested that the fountains be mere basins with very little bronze ornaments and that the statuary be small, principally single figures on not high pedestals. The effect will be still more pleasant, were all those be in white marble. Beyond the President's Park, are to be heavily wooded parks, with wide straight avenues running directly to the shore of the Potomac River. The impressiveness of the Avenue des Champs-Elysses of Paris may be thus surpassed.

Gentlemen, I have given much thought to the subject of the Grant memorial. In the fall of 1897 I made for another monument a model of practically the same architectural features as the one I now submit to you, but that design was given up, when, on making the estimates, it was found that it could not be built for the sum then at the disposal of the San Francisco Committee. The small model still exists in my studio, and the plans already explained in these specifications are an outgrowth of that idea. I had carefully borne in my mind the character and individuality of U. S. Grant, which are the essence of all American greatness and simplicity, and had at-

time, I think that it is proper to have a monument tell its story by means of plastic art, and that, when the aid of that art is summoned on a Grant memorial, it should be in as simple and yet impressive a manner as is in keeping with the simplicity, moderation and magnanimity of the General's character. Great men, like great truths, are simple. I am not unmindful of the fact that the leading phase in Grant's life was his warrior career, and that there was, on one side, a conquering people, and on the other, as populous and brave a people, who had tasted the bitterness of defeat, and ought to be, a leading feature in the monumental designing, but it is my belief that the war phases may best be illustrated by symbolism rather than by realism. To that end, I have chosen symbols of classic purity. Battles are represented by Caryatids. Grant's memorable dispatches from his headquarters in front of Fort Donelson and Richmond are carried not by messengers of vengeance but by beautiful women. In "Peace" the bloody shirt gives place to the white robe of forgiveness. To carry the same idea further, Grant is shown sitting at ease on



SILENT WORKER ENG.

ALTERNATIVE DESIGN FOR MEMORIAL TO DEAD CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS WHICH WAS ABANDONED IN FAVOR OF THE DESIGN GIVEN ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Victory at the top is holding up a young warrior, and under her are the words: "California Victrix" (Victorious California.) The seated figure is California mourning for the dead soldiers; the letters beneath read: "A grateful state erects this monument in memory of her sons who died in the Spanish-American war." Flanking her on the right is the bass relief of *Courage* and on the left, *Patriotism*. The dogs stand for the legend: "Let loose the war dogs." Smoke is seen to float up from bomb-shells. This design created a sensation when exhibited at the competition and made all the other designs look cheap in comparison.

Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee,
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel often proclaims the man;
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—Shakespeare.

ZENO.

REFLECTIONS OF A DEAF-MUTE PHILOSOPHER.

"He who does not think, is a fool; he who will not, is a bigot; he who dares not, is a slave."—Anon.

"If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?"—Coleridge.

"Just is my boldness of speech toward you, great is my glorying on your behalf. I am filled with comfort, I overflow with joy in all our affection."—Bible.

A deaf-mute's best friend are his ten fingers.

We are a class of people without a precedent.

Speak so that I may know what institution you are from.

I have never met a deaf-mute who does not know something more than I do.

I love flowers, not botany; speech, not vocal gymnastics.

It is better to be a wise man once a month than to be a fool every day of one's life.

There is no Institution famous or successful, but because its people are so.

It is not every body who read obituaries in his life time.

In an Institution as in a republic, a man is intolerable, who is a little ahead of us.

A deaf-mute may be honored except at his own Institution.

We do not differ from the hearing people in one respect; we even have fools, bigots and slaves.

A man's nervous self-depreciation may often be mistaken for pride.

I would rather it be said of me that there is no man I come in contact with, whom I don't improve, than I am as perfect as Buddha.

Man is creation's masterpiece. But who say so? Man! A deaf-mute is an equal of a hearing man. But who says so? A deaf-mute!

Tell your hearing critics that their own work is not good enough for a hearing person, and they will spit on your grave.

Goodness or wisdom is not a commodity to be picked up in an Institution. Experience is the tailor that fits clothes to you.

The deaf-mutes of a large city are sometimes divided into two classes; a deaf-mute boss and his suckers, and those who are not his suckers.

An uneducated deaf mute is a menace. It is self-protection to educate him, and self-protection is not charity.

What is more wonderful than a wriggling little tongue? One hundred deaf mutes can not prevail against one lying tongue!

An Institution may send her dullest pupils to an University and expell her brightest pupils.

Why is it that a deaf-mute club is never successful? Because there is one gentleman in five thousand deaf-mutes.

A deaf-mute who tries a measuring stick on other's morals, had better try it first on himself.

Helen Keller writes: "Nature is beautiful." May the gifted girl never live to add: "Man alone is vile!"

A teacher who uses the institution as a commissary depot, to pursue some outside business, is a disgrace to the profession.

The greatest complaint about a deaf-mute comes from a man who began his dealing with him by thinking him a fool.

The trend of thought of old teachers of the deaf, may, through long association, become deaf and dumb.

A deaf-mute Baron Munchausen may add to the gaiety of the deaf-mute nation, but a deaf-mute gossip scavenger or informer is a trial to the soul.

Every deaf-mute has a threefold disability: deafness as a physical disability, deafness as a mental detriment, deafness as a producer of prejudice.

Prejudice is so potent that a loving parent, friend or teacher, will be secretly shocked if a deaf-mute is a better or greater man than he.

Many a fool has undertaken a thing and failed because he sees a deaf-mute successful in it.

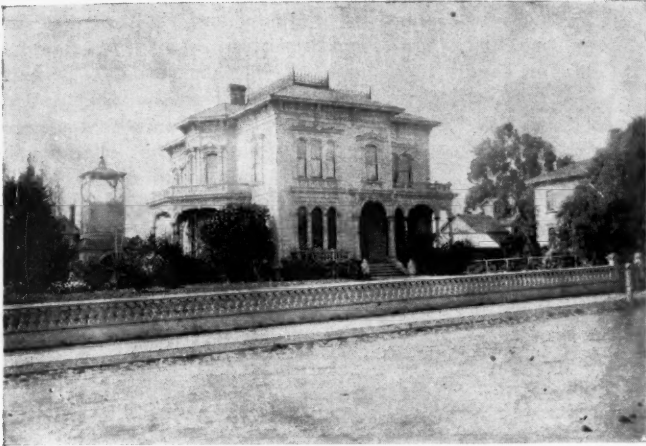
There is one deaf-mute in two thousand people and one hearing genius in one million. Does it follow that there is one deaf-mute genius in two thousand times one million?



T. D'ESTRELLA PHOTO

SILENT WORKER ENG.

FIRST PRIZE IN COMPETITION FOR MEMORIAL TO OREGON VOLUNTEERS.
(Contract soon to be signed)



SILENT WORKER ENG

RESIDENCE OF SCULPTOR TILDEN.

The wheel in front is the dog-wheel for pumping purposes, as the building was originally a barn. Tilden is standing at the door of the casting room. The main building is devoted to modeling purposes. The office is at the extreme right.

PHOTOS BY T. D'ESTRELLA



SILENT WORKER ENG

STUDIO OF SCULPTOR TILDEN.

Make charity toward the frailties of others, the foundation of a deaf-mute organization, and a flood will not sweep it away.

*

This world belongs to the hearing. Let us be wise in our generation, and advocate oralism for their sake, and signs for our own.

*

Write a novel of a man who is at the same time a preacher and a lawyer, and the book will be thrown aside as an impossibility.

*

The first impressions, favorable or unfavorable, unconsciously sway us. The first impression that a hearing man unconsciously has on being told he is to meet a deaf-mute, is that of disinclination and half-hearted curiosity.

*

A deaf pupil on his vacation may, by example, improve a coarse home. Why may he not also improve the neighborhood of the home, then the village, nay, the whole city, state or nation? Who can calculate the moral influence Helen Keller is today exerting?

Gratitude is an unknown quality. A semi-mute may be brighter than all the other deaf-mutes in Pennsylvania, have the benefit of the best education his state can give him and get a free college training into the bargain, and yet is so incapable that the best he can do is to be an ordinary agent for a building association. Does it follow that he is ungrateful to his maker, his state and his country?

*

Have you heard of the ancient proverb, "Know thyself?" There are others: "Ignorance is the beginning of wisdom," "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven," "Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The moment you know you are a fool, you are beginning to be wise.

*

A man is to be pitied who thinks that the fame of a teacher is shrouded in the splendor of an Institution paper or the praise of the *Annals*, not in the love of his pupils.

*

We are members of a large family whose coats of arms are a veiled face, an uprooted tree and a cross, which are translated: Mystery of Providence, Accident and Patience.

*

If a man is scurrilous on finding you are a deaf-mute, quietly overlook it as one of the inevitable ills of a deaf-mute's life; if he dislikes you less on seeing that you do not have the address of a beggar, thank your clothes; if he changes to affability on learning you are a man of some note, promptly turn a snob.

*

As a youth, we are ignored by the middle aged and tolerated by the old; as a middle aged man, we are respected by the young, hated by the middle aged and feared by the old; as an old man, we are revered by the young, respected by the middle aged and forgotten by the old.

*

A man of no memory has resource to invention, of no strength, to cunning; of no knowledge, to ostentation.

*

Achievement is greater than acquirement; creation than workmanship; inspiration than expression.

*

Above all arts—above architecture, painting, sculpture, music—is poetry. What is greater than poetry? Eloquence. What is the greatest eloquence? Silence!

*

If a cripple can run one hundred yards in eleven seconds, why should a strong man not run the same distance in ten seconds?

*

A deaf-mute can be a club man only either as a Killjoy which is distasteful to others or a good fellow which is hurtful to himself.

*

Have you ever been vexed by the calumnies or inventions of your enemies? Why should you be? Their names will be forgotten within ten years after they are worms' food.

*

The silent Addison wrote: "A dumb man is



D'ESTRELLA PHOTO

SILENT WORKER ENG

MRS. TILDEN AND HER SON WILLOUGHBY.

liable to be misrepresented." The greater a deaf-mute, how much more, then, will he be misrepresented and persecuted!

*

Let us rejoice we are not here to honor any Caesar but to emphasize the fact that we are intelligent members of a free community.

*

You say, Politics is the bane of institutions. Believe me, if it puts four worthless men out of five in the superintendent's chair, the fifth man will be the best principal the Institution ever had.

*

Is not respect a kin to fear? Let us be so respected that editors will think of us, when they put proverbs in their Institution papers!

*

It is better for a superintendent to have a yearly deficit in the expenses of his Institution than be known as a master of cheaply salaried sycophants.

*

A great deaf-mute gives services to his State, worth fifty years' maintenance of its institution.

*

Samuel Johnson said that deafness is the most desperate of all human calamities. He could think and write. Could he, if he were deaf? He knew, he knew, he knew!

(Continued on page 44.)



SILENT WORKER ENG

SKETCH OF MONUMENT TO DEWEY.

The picture on the right shows Dewey in the front, crowned by Fame and Victory. In the background are the range-finder and signaller. The other picture shows Columbia holding up the flag and the Constitution, while Time is at the rudder, steering. In the background are the gunner and stoker. Height of monument, about 75 feet. This design was discarded for another by an architect, which, by the way, has been built and turns out to be an artistic failure.



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THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

THE School for the Deaf with an enrollment of five hundred is no longer a rarity.

A STATE has to either educate its deaf and make them self-supporting, or maintain them, when they are grown, in its alms-houses, hospitals and jails. A middle western state seems to have chosen the latter alternative.

Kindly

Note.

WE would beg to again call the attention of parents to the fact that there will be but two vacations during the year, the one during the summer and the one at Christmas. These are made ample to satisfy all. If one child were allowed to go home at Easter or Thanksgiving, the permission would have to be extended to every child in the school. This would result in breaking up the routine twice more each term, for a period of from one to four weeks each, something that would be so subversive of the work of the school as to be quite out of the question.

Witches'

Night.

UNAPPALLED by the circumstance that the witches and gnomes and wraiths were holding high carnival on the night of the 31st, our children threw wide open their play-rooms and started in to share the occasion. There were lots of uncanny beings about and not a few of them intruded upon the revels of our boys and girls. Had they been at all timid, there's no telling what might have happened, for out of the dark corridors, down the stair-ways, through the windows and along in the shadows of our porches there glided the weirdest things you ever saw. There was the shade of a belle of a half century ago, Sir Thomas Lipton in spirit, the Queen of Night, a half dozen uncanny skeletons, the reincarnated bodies of negro fops, and "nigger Mammys," two-legged beings with the heads of cows and pigs, excited monkeys, and one colossal witch, apparently the head of the ilk, left her broom up on a big cloud just to the south of us and flitted in. There were a few of

our little folks who did not like their intrusion at all, and Edith Tussey and Goldie Sheppard did not feel entirely safe until they each had hold of one of Mr. Walker's coat-tails; but they soon fraternized and there was such a revel as our halls had not witnessed for many a day. Games were indulged in, and refreshments enjoyed until a late hour. At the approach of twelve our visitors, one by one, flitted back to the realm from whence they came, and the tolling of the midnight hour by "Big Ben" found only the angels of night gathered with our little ones and giving them "Pleasant dreams."

In Another

Form.

ON the coast of Orissa, at the southern end of the delta of the Mahanadi, celebrated as one of the holy places in India, is the town of Puri. It has a resident population of 22,000 and some 6,000 lodging-houses for pilgrims, and owes its world-wide reputation to a temple erected there in honor of Vishnu. The temple contains an idol of the Hindu god, called Jagannath or Juggernaut, the Lord of the World. A sacred city of the Buddhists, it was the abode of the Golden-tooth of Buddha. Jagannath, first historically mentioned in 318 A. D., represents Vishnu in all his manifestations. Hundreds of thousands of people are at times at the shrine and the annual offerings and revenues amount to something like 70,000 pounds. The temple really consists of 120 temples, the chief of which, the one to Jagannath has a tower 192 feet high. The annual festivals in his honor number twenty, the most important one being the car festival, when Jagannath on a car 45 feet high and 35 feet square, with 16 wheels each 7 feet in diameter, is dragged on his car to his country house. It is less than a mile from the temple, but, owing to the heavy sand, the journey is one of several days, during which the exhausted fall by the way-side till none are left, and professional car-pullers have to take up the work, dragging the car to its destination and returning it home. We are told that there was a time when these trips were accompanied by horrors unutterable, that the frenzied worshippers, thinking it an immediate entrance into Paradise, threw themselves under the wheels of this car, as it passed along, and, crushed and bleeding, mangled oft-times beyond all semblance of human beings, they were left to saturate with their lifeblood, the heavy sands behind. Humanity revolted at these scenes. A higher and better civilization has relegated them to the past and they are no more—but the Juggernaut of foot-ball rolls on.

Heart

Building.

OUR Schools for the Deaf should be heart builders as well as mind builders. The wise architect, who plans for the erection of a beautiful edifice, spares neither time nor money in laying a durable foundation. He knows full well, should the foundation be neglected, that the superstructure can never be lasting. With greatest care the workmen toil day after day, digging away all the rubbish, placing the stones and laying the wall upon which the building shall rest. A noted writer says, "the heart is a temple more majestic than any cathedral—a temple in which principles are foundation stones and habits are columns and pillars." Then how earnestly should Schools for the Deaf labor to be builders of hearts! With what infinite pains should all the preparatory work be wrought. Youth is the period to build a strong and beautiful heart. The teacher has the

blessed opportunity of laying the foundation stones of kindness and righteousness in the world, and thus become a wise master builder for the Almighty. The schools should be exhaustless resources for the heart-building of the rising generation. They should teach kindness towards the so-called inferior creation—our dumb fellow creatures—noble motives to mould and fashion the heart of man, until the building is complete, "a temple of righteousness," having been built, not from hay, wood, and stubble, but from humane principles more precious than the gold of Ophir. Should this formative period be overlooked, the whole life will suffer from the neglect; and a hopeless wreck upon the sand mark what might have been a noble life. As humane educators, we know that the schools should be the walls and bulwarks of heart building. Why build the mind and neglect the heart? If only the good people of our work would universally awake to the great importance of the human work that might and should be done in our schools, and begin at once to lay polished stones for the sake of righteousness, and enthusiastically, as the miser stores away his treasures, we should very soon behold our land filled with noble young deaf men and women.

The Finest Ever.

THE World's Fair, St. Louis, which will open April 30th, and close December 1st, 1904, covers an area of 1,240 acres.

What this means in magnitude of grounds is best shown by comparison. The World's Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, embraced 633 acres. The Exposition of 1900, at Paris, occupied 336 acres; the Pan-American at Buffalo had 300 acres; the Centennial at Philadelphia, 236 acres, and the Trans-Mississippi, at Omaha, 150. There is embraced within the limits of the World's Fair of 1904, at St. Louis, acreage almost equaling the aggregate of the Columbian Exposition, the Centennial, the Pan-American and the Trans-Mississippi.

A recent statement of the Director of Works of the World's Fair, announces that on Sept. 30th, the Exposition Exhibit buildings, taken as a whole, were 89 per cent. completed, and the Exhibition Buildings of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, at the corresponding period before the opening of that exposition, were but 44 per cent. completed; in addition to which are the permanent granite buildings in the Washington University group, (one of which is used as the Administration Building); of these, seven are completed and the other four nearly so.

Some of the State Buildings are now nearly completed, and many others are in various stages of completion. Some of the foreign buildings are completed, and many others are in course of construction. The Concession Buildings, or those to be erected on the "Pike," are in various stages of construction. Numerous temporary hotels are being constructed in close proximity to the World's Fair grounds, and a number of permanent modern hotels are being erected in the heart of the city.

It is contemplated that at the opening of the Fair, St. Louis will be fully able to house all the visitors who may come. The World's Fair officials, up to the present time, have had tendered to them rooming accommodations for 150,000 people, and by the time the Fair opens, this list will undoubtedly be increased to 200,000. Exhibits are now being received on the grounds, and many shipments have already come in from abroad.

School and City

The Christmas Holiday

OUR school will close December 18th to remain closed until January 4th. All children desiring to go home will be allowed the privilege at that time. Notices will be sent parents in a few days.

Christmas at our doors already.

Josie Burke and Sadie Daly are much together these days.

A number of parents spent Thanksgiving Day with the children.

Lilly Shaw's mother was among our visitors during the past month.

Our lawns still possess an irresistible charm for our neighbor's chickens.

The number of Thanksgiving boxes was larger this year than ever before.

Mary Sommers spent an hour with her old classmates last Wednesday.

Thomas Gunning says it is always Christmas when he is with his Mamma.

The new pupils are already able to articulate many of the simpler sounds.

We wonder if Santa Claus has started on his trip from the icy North yet!

Mr. Albert Ballin, of New York State, spent Wednesday the 18th, with us.

We have a Gunn and a Gunning, and a Dunn and a Dunning on our rolls this year.

Walter Metz, a friend of Lillian Vickery's was killed on the railroad a few days ago.

Our gymnasium classes have been organized and are about taking up their in-door work.

Jennie Temple's brother went gunning on Monday, and bagged two fine rabbits and a squirrel.

It was funny to see Cornelia DeWitte teaching Frieda Heuser how to spell "Chrysanthemum," a few days ago.

There's but here and there a leaf left, of all the multitude that crowned our beautiful trees a few short weeks ago.

A couple of runs in which all those owning wheels have participated, were among the November recreations.

Our first flurry of snow was on the 18th and a delighted lot of youngsters scurried the lawns to catch the flying flakes.

A most excellent group of all our children has been taken by Mr. Porter. Copies may be obtained of him for 25 cents each.

Conundrums have become quite a furore among the older pupils, and they are lying in wait with "hard ones" at every corner.

Miss Fitzpatrick took a lot of the little boys down into the city on Tuesday to fit them with gloves, sweaters, and overcoats.

Allie Leary has been called home to attend the funeral of her brother-in-law, who died, after a lingering illness on the 21st of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were visiting friends in Trenton on Sunday and Monday last. Master Roy had the pleasure of being with them most of the time.

The ten handsome volumes on Modern Engineering Practice, issued by the Armour Institute of Chicago, have been added to our works of reference.

C. Jones and Henry Hester have begun to do much of the work of operating the press, and are making most excellent hands.

At punching the bag there are few boys of their age who can equal David Carlson, Jacob Herbst, Luigi Pugliese, Carmine Pace and Michael Grod.

The big desk, the side table and the set of pigeon-holes and drawers, in Mr. Walker's office, are all specimens of the handiwork of his boyhood days.

Sadie Harway is greatly absorbed in her dress-making, embroidery, and millinery. She is making a skirt for Lilly Shaw that promises to be a beauty.

Harry Dixon is very fond of athletics and already has a command of the apparatus in the gymnasium equal to many of the two and three years pupils.

While we have no regular games of foot-ball, we are the possessors of a couple of the "spheres" and the boys have lots of fun kicking them around the lawns.

Master Crowell, being a resident of the city, often spends a Sunday at home, and never returns without a big batch of news. The latest is that he has a baby brother.

Mr. Newcomb has just finished pruning all the ragged and low hanging limbs of our trees, and we look forward to a prettier lot of shade than ever, when the spring opens.

The 19th inst., was the anniversary of Fannie Brown's natal day. The Sunday before she put twelve pennies in the missionary box. Now perhaps you can guess how old she is.

The chameleons obtained at the Interstate Fair have all died except one. This one, too, appears torpid at time. When approached by a fly, however, he evinces great activity.

Joseph Westwood is such a quiet, modest little fellow that one scarcely knows that he is about, but when it comes to the matter of study or work he can always be relied upon to do his full share.

Mr. Miller taught the large class at the Hamilton Ave. Church, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th, Mr. Walker having been called away to speak at the Anniversary exercises of Bethany.

The work of the first team in basket-ball is of a high order and promises to place them in the front rank of local teams before long. There are few of their weight who can take a game from them now.

The month has been marked by the same wonderful exemption from sickness that has existed through the early fall, and aside from a slight case of "cold" the Infirmary continues empty.

The news of the result of the Princeton-Yale game, in which the former gained so signal and glorious a victory, was announced at the table, and perhaps Pandemonium did not reign for a minute.

Thomas Kelly snipped off the extreme tip of one of his fingers with the bread cutter the other day. As is usual in such cases, he was looking another way and not paying attention to what he was doing.

Mr. D. F. Walker, the mechanical expert and scientist of Philadelphia, is ever in close touch with our Industrial Department, and it will not be his fault if it is not, ere long, one of the best in the country.

Dawes Sutton, Bennie Abraham, and Antonio Petoio are daily visitors in the office to see what they can do for the Supt. They are only babies yet, but it is surprising to see how useful they can make themselves.

Hosts of gunners have been passing our doors since the opening of the gunning season, going to and returning from the fields, and, observing closely, we have noticed that they, as a rule, come about as empty-handed as they go.

The Rev. George Lockwood took us to Yellow-stone Park, on Monday evening, with his stereopticon, and gave us a lecture on the beauties of that splendid bit of nature. All were present, even the "Tiny Tims," and, needless to say, all enjoyed the trip thoroughly.

Mr. William A. Davis, of Hancock's Bridge, was a visitor on the 12th ult. He came up to see why Thomas had not written his accustomed letter the week before, and was quite relieved to find that it was only thoughtlessness and not sickness that had caused the failure.

Class "B" has had a number of lessons from Mr. Sharp recently, on "Bees and Honey," and has become greatly interested in their little friends. Especially were they interested in the combs full of honey that were used as object lessons, and all agreed as to its edible quality.

Reynolds & Co., the Trenton firm who are achieving such a reputation throughout this part of the country in the manufacture of pure candies, remembered us as usual on Thanksgiving, by sending us nearly two hundred packages of delicious sweets, one for every child and one for every other member of the household. We extend our sincerest thanks to the Messrs. Reynolds & Co., and wish them unbounded cause for gratitude when another year rolls around.

Basketball News.

The basket-ball team this year is made up of much younger and lighter boys than any other team the school has ever had. As they are so light, games with second Junior teams are all that can be played. The new suits have arrived and when the team comes on the floor they make a very credible appearance. So far, five games have been played. All being won by the home team.

Coach Miller has taught the boys some of the tricks used by the professional teams and the results are easily seen.

N. J. S. D.	Oct 29th	Waldron Jrs.
14	to	9
N. J. S. D.	Nov 2nd	Housel A. C.
12	to	9
N. J. S. D.	Nov 5th	Kimble A.C.
9	to	8
N. J. S. D.	Nov 11th	Trenton Watch Factory
21	to	10
N. J. S. D.	Nov 18th	Washington A.C.
45	to	2

Health Talk.

E. L. M.
SMOKING.

Why will men persist in polluting lips and lungs and in benumbing the finer delicacy of their nervous system by smoking?

Nothing indicates so strongly the injurious effects of smoking as the condition produced when first used. One can always depend on the normal human body to distinctly indicate when any influence is against its highest development.

Many really serious ills have been traced directly to the habit of smoking. No athlete ever continues the habit while training for a contest, no matter how much he may have been addicted to it previously. His intelligence may not be of a superior quality, but he knows that in order to reach the highest degree of physical health, smoking must be avoided.

If it is harmful to the athlete under these conditions, it would be far more injurious under ordinary conditions, for they do not tend to overcome weakening influences, as does the training followed by an athlete.

Everyone knows that smoking indulged in before maturity stunts the growth, and it is just as capable of injury after maturity, only it is not immediately apparent. It can injure nerves and muscles to a similar extent. The outer membrane of the lips, which is filled with thousands of delicate nerves, from direct contact with this strong poison becomes so benumbed as to be incapable of feeling.

Gallaudet College,

WASHINGTON, D. C.



ONCE more grim Death has passed over the Green, and snatched away a dear life, and carried it to its Maker. It was a life—a mature life—well spent, and full of beauty, love and charity. It was a life that had been happy, contented and resplendent with kind deeds, and we are thankful that such a one has been allowed to mingle among us, giving forth sunshine wherever her footsteps fell. Yet we regret that she must be taken from our midst, although we feel that the Omnipotent and the Omniscient arranges all things for the best. She is gone from us in flesh, but her soul will always be with us, and the memory of her will always remain green in our minds.

Susan Denison Gallaudet, wife of President Gallaudet, passed away on Wednesday evening, November 4th, at 6:30 P.M., after a lingering illness of several months. Mrs. Gallaudet had been confined to her bed since early in the Fall, and up to a week or so of her death it was thought she would soon be around again. But it turned to the worst and after the physicians had held a consultation, an operation was deemed the only alternative. On Tuesday she was taken to Sanitary Hospital where the operation was performed. The case then developed to be much worse than was thought, and on the following day her soul passed to its Maker, and all earthly pains and sorrows departed.

The whole college was at once cast in gloom, and out of respect for the departed friend the football game scheduled for the following Saturday, at Villanova, Pa., was cancelled, and all practice ceased.

The funeral was held at the house on Saturday afternoon at 3:30 P.M. All the members of the Board of Directors who were in the city, attended, as did many distinguished citizens who were personally acquainted with Mr. Gallaudet. Only the Seniors attended, but later on in the afternoon all those desiring to were permitted to view the face of the corpse and the large floral tribute.

All the children were present, except Mr. Dennison Gallaudet, of Salt Lake City, who was unable to arrive in time. Instead, he sent a touching telegram to express his sorrow and bereavement, over the great loss.

The floral remembrances were many and beautiful and the casket was completely hidden with wreaths and bunches of fragrant roses and chrysanthemums. Tokens were sent by the Board of Directors, the Student Body, the pupils of the Kendall School, the servants of the Institution, the Faculty, the Mechanics employed on the grounds, friends in town and from outside.

The funeral service was conducted by the Reverend Tunis Hamlin of the Church of the Covenant, and a male quartet from the same church did the singing. The remarks of Rev. Hamlin were very appropriate and touched upon the beautiful life of the deceased. The two hymns were also very appropriate in that they had been sung the Sunday before, by her husband and children, gathered around her bedside. The body was taken the next day on the Federal Express to Hartford, Conn., to be interred in the Gallaudet burial lot.

The 46th annual report of the Institution was out a week or so ago. It shows that since July 1, 1902, there have been 202 under instruction, 130 of which were in the college department, representing 31 States, Canada and Ireland. Minnesota has the largest contingent with Pennsylvania second. Dr. Gallaudet lays particular stress on the technical instruction afforded, and cites instances of success by those who have availed themselves of the opportunity for such instruction.

The usual estimate of \$70,500 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, for the support of the institution, repairs and improvements was asked. Two additional estimates were made—one of

\$3,000 for repairs to the Institution, including plumbing and steam heating apparatus, and one of \$30,000 "for additions to the buildings of the Institution, to furnish additional accommodations for the pupils, and to provide for the heating of the buildings from a central plant, and for lighting the buildings by electricity."

In regard to the progress on additions to the buildings the report has this to say:

"During the summer just ended a building has been erected which gives ample room for our laundry operations, with space for the installation of steam boilers and an electric-light plant, which, complete, will furnish heat and light for all our buildings.

"It is of the first importance that these objects shall be provided for at an early day.

"The seven principal buildings of the institution are heated by separate boilers, at much greater expense than would be incurred were they heated from a central station. Most of the boilers now in use are quite old and liable to give out at any time.

"We have long felt the need of substituting electric light for gas in our buildings, and this can be done at small additional expense should a central heating plant be provided for. The same boilers that furnished steam for heating purposes would give the power needed for running a dynamo.

"Out of the appropriation made for the current year two cottages for the occupancy of officers are now being built, and will be completed in December.

"The balance of the appropriation will be expended upon an addition to our boys' dormitory.

So far, the football team has only won one solitary victory this season, and there is very little chance for doing much more this year, although a new spirit has taken possession of the men by the appointment of Mr. Lester G. Rosson, '02, as official coach. This is the first time in the history of the Athletic Association that we have had a regular coach, and we now look back with regret that we did not procure his services earlier in the season. It is nevertheless very difficult to make much headway with a light team, when weight is a great consideration in the game. In every contest that our men have taken part, it was the unanimous opinion of the spectators that they could not have done better and the only drawback was a lack of avoirdupois. This deserved consideration from those who look on is in a way a greater consolation; and not once have we been criticized for dirty playing. In all six games have been played and the result is as follows:

Lafayette.....	36	Gallaudet.....	0
W. Md. College.....	6	".....	0
Naval Cadets.....	18	".....	0
Columbian.....	6	".....	0
Fredericksburg.....	0	".....	36
St. Johns.....	22	".....	0

The defeat by St. Johns was especially lamented, since this is the first time that they have ever been able to win a victory over us. Previous scores were either in our favor or else were draws. The game was one of the neatest that has been witnessed on Kendall Green for a long time, but our men lacked much that they possessed in the game with Fredericksburg two days previous. Overwork was the immediate cause for the showing that was made, and St. Johns deserved her laurels.

There has been quite an amount of talk going the rounds lately concerning the annual inter-class bowling tournament, owing to a lack of interest in the sport, and what is more on account of the poor condition of the alley no tournament took place last year during the Christmas holidays. The students are now trying to revive the spirit once more, and have been looking about for a good alley somewhere down town. It is too bad that they have to do this, but it is the only alternative. The old alley is, and has not been, fit to use for some years past, and moreover, it is never heated, thus making it very uncomfortable for those who wish to play. It is always best for the students to seek for pleasure at home, and we doubt whether the necessity of going up town will have a very good influence upon them. The distance to go back and forth for practice will be a great demand on their time. It would be a great advantage if we could get a new alley, for there is no other sport during the winter months.

The Jollity Club and the Saturday Night Dramatic Club are hard at work arranging to give entertainments the night before and the Saturday after Thanksgiving Day. The first under the management of Miss Swift, '05, will give "A Case of Suspension"; and the S. U. D. C. will reproduce Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Winfield Scott Marshall, '04, better known as O' Stubbs, is at the head of the Dramatic Club, and he is making sparks fly.

Mr. Robert Patterson, '70, at present Principal of the Ohio School for the Deaf, has been invited by the Literary Society to deliver a lecture during the holidays for the benefit of those that intend to spend their vacation on the Green. Mr. Patterson is a vivid sign maker, and we feel that the students will not at all regret their choice.

Gymnasium Instructor Adams is again at his post, exercises having begun on the 3rd. The co-eds have made arrangements to have another basket ball team this winter, and there is some talk among the boys of getting up a team also. This is a good plan and would tend to make the winter months less of a grind.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

(Continued from page 41.)

No great deaf-mute lives, who is not a partner of every deaf-mute in the land. Their grievances are his, and his success are theirs.

What must a deaf-mute do in order to be successful? Cultivate will power. What next? Cultivate will power. What, still, next? Cultivate will power.

Douglas Tilden's "Creed" was displeasing to us. But were we not more displeased because he considered himself good enough to lay doctrine down for us?

Let us accept the Creed as we do a small nose or a receding chin and live to prove that a weak nose and chin are not necessarily associated with ill success.

Give me a man who believes that his deaf graduates can fill better positions than those of government clerks, and his faith will steep through them.

Be careful how you call a man eccentric because he is different from you. Are you not perhaps different from him? Socrates, Christ, Columbus and Galileo were imprisoned or slain for eccentricity.

I am fond of \$50 deaf-mutes who make \$50 a month. They are not *incapables*. What, then, are the \$1000 deaf-mutes who edit the Institution papers for \$50 a month or even nothing?

Believe me, it is true that deafness handicaps an ordinary deaf-mute, mediocrizes a bright deaf-mute and ruins a deaf-mute genius.

Report, true or false, mould our lives. A man who never paints a picture, conducts a legal case or understand teaching, may, thanks to report, be known as a great artist, a successful lawyer, or a remarkable teacher.

A pioneer who blazes a path in every human thought or endeavor, gets all the discomforts and perhaps a cheap bronze tablet for his reward.

Let a deaf-mute stand begging on the street corner, and the public will say, "How natural! Let us help him." But let him throw away the begging card and push to the front of the crowd, and the public will cry, "What presumption!"

Why is it that a deaf-mute will reluctantly employ a deaf-mute, and a deaf-mute workman will make it a point to give his deaf employes half the labor he would, for the same wages, give a hearing employer?

A man who says to a deaf-mute: "I believe in you. Design for me a costly building, build for me a magnificent monument, or paint for me a beautiful painting," is the greatest benefactor of the deaf.

ZENO.

Chicago.



MONDAY Evening, November ninth, some 200 friends of the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab assembled at the South Park M. E. Church to congratulate him on his passing the tenth milestone in his term of service as pastor of the Chicago Mission for the Deaf. His co-workers, Deaconess Vina Smith and the Rev. Henry S. Rutherford, were responsible for the pleasant evening spent by those present, a program replete with interest being provided, after which adjournment to the rooms below was followed by the ladies of the Aid Society serving refreshments.

The program was as follows:

1. Verses to Philip J. Hasenstab. *Rev. Henry S. Rutherford*
Miss Cora Jacoba
Miss Fanny Hegg
William Zollinger
Miss Ruth Zollinger
Miss Grace Knight
2. Hymn: Nearer my God to Thee
3. The Beginning of the Chicago Methodist Mission for the Deaf. *Frank Martin*
4. The Work of the Pastor's and Ladies' Aid Society. *Mrs. A. W. Dougherty*
5. The View-point of an Outsider. *C. C. Codman*
6. Hymn: Lead Kindly Light. *Mrs. James Gibney*
Mrs. Allie Andrews
Mrs. Julia Martin
7. Reminiscences and Appeal. *Miss Laura Sheridan*
8. Hymn: A Macedonian Call
Composed by (Mrs.) Angie Fuller Fischer
9. Address. *Dr. W. E. Tilroe*
10. Address. *Dr. A. D. Traveller*

Dr. Tilroe, who is presiding elder of this district, stated in his address that he never had but one complaint against the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab and that was received lately and was signed by 75 persons. The complaint was that he was working too hard; a fact that is patent to all his friends.

A glance at the following extracts from his report, Oct. 5, 1903, to Dr. Tilroe will show his field is one that demands a good deal of energetic "hustling" to cover, to say nothing of the heart he puts into his work:

At the beginning of the year, a glance showed an extensive field in and out of Chicago, thirty-nine probationers and sixty-five full members altogether, an empty treasury, except a church building fund of sixty-seven dollars, a stated apportionment for conference benevolences, and the pastor and his assistant and the deaconess all ready for the year's work.

The field, originally confined to Chicago and Kensington, now consist of preaching stations as follows:

Rock River Conference,	26
Central Illinois "	5
Illinois "	4
Northwest Indiana	3
Wisconsin Conference,	1
Des Moines "	3
Upper Iowa "	2
North Nebraska "	1-45

The pastor labored for thirty-two weeks in Chicago and twenty outside. A continued tour of three weeks was made every third month and one of six days in each of the other months. Forty-two services were held in Chicago, forty-one in Kensington, eighty-four in the Rock River field, twelve in Jacksonville, twelve in South Bend and ninety-nine at other places. Four communion services at each place but a few. Two funeral services. Two hundred ninety-one preaching services in all.

The pastor's assistant, Henry S. Rutherford, a probationer of this conference, made a three weeks' tour in each of all the intervening months, and conducted twelve services in Chicago and Kensington each, four in Central Illinois, and two hundred and nine in the Rock River field, Iowa and Omaha, Neb.—two hundred thirty-seven altogether. The rest of the year, with the exception of one week's vacation, was given to Chicago work.

The deaconess, Miss Vina Smith, was occupied with visiting, class meeting and Sunday School work in Chicago through the year with a five weeks' rest at three different dates in summer. The Chicago quarterly conference has asked for a renewal of her license, for her relation to the work is still well sustained.

The membership has increased to forty probationers and seventy-four full members, one probationer taken away from this life.

Thirteen children and one adult were baptized, and five marriage ceremonies performed.

The evening was one that was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. At its conclusion souvenirs containing an excellent half tone portrait of the pastor and the following poem by Mrs. Agatha Tiegel Hanson were distributed:

PHILIP J. HASENSTAB.

To labor on from day to day
In noble service to thy kind,
With faith fixed on thy God and ours,
And singleness of heart and mind,

Such is thy lot. And now the years
Point out a mile-stone by the way.
Dear friend and guide, our love and thanks
To thee we would express this day.

May other tens of years pass on
And find thee here amidst us still.
As now, a pure influence strong
That seeks alone to do His will.

AGATHA TIEGEL HANSON.



SILENT WORKER ENG

REV. PHILIP J. HASENSTAB.

The social season here has been fairly launched and the coming winter will see a good many pleasing events in the entertainment line given by the Pas-a-Pas club, F. S. D. and the Aid Society.

The October meeting of the clubs' Literary Circle started the ball with its halloween entertainment, October 31. The Aid Society followed with an entertainment, November 14, at the church parlors. November 28th the club gives its annual hop and a theatrical entertainment. In December the F. S. D. (December) 31 gives its annual ball and the Aid Society a "white fair." So much for 1903.

The acousticon is in Chicago. The company has established offices in the Masonic Temple and is getting considerable free advertising through its experiments on the pupils of the local school for the deaf.

The recent death of Mrs. E. M. Gallaudet was announced at the church reception and a vote of sympathy was sent the doctor by those present. Action of the same kind be taken by the local organizations at their next meetings. Dr. Gallaudet has always had a warm spot in the hearts of the Chicago deaf and their sympathy goes out to him in his bereavement.

December fifth is election day at the Pas-a-Pas club. The regular nominating committee, which, by the way consists of five ex presidents of the club, Messrs. Dougherty, Codman, Gibson, Wayman and Kossler, have posted as the regular ticket President, J. J. Kleinhaus; Vice-President M. Sonneborn; 2nd Vice-President, E. Des Rocher; Corresponding Secy., J. K. Watson; Recording Secy., A. J. Waterman; Treasurer, B. F. Frank; Financial Secy., Geo. Tate; Sergeants-at-arms, J. F. Carroll and Louis Newman.

The members are preparing an "independent" ticket, which I will give elsewhere in this letter.

Honors are about even as far as chances for either ticket go.

The independent ticket put up by some of the members of the Pas-a-Pas Club is as follows:

J. J. Kleinhaus, President; S. H. Howard, Vice-president; George Fraser, Second Vice-President; B. F. Frank, Treasurer; G. H. Cartter, Recording Secretary; W. D. Edwards, Corresponding Secretary; A. I. Liebenstein, Financial Secretary; Mathew Schuttler and Arthur Meck, Sergeants-at-arms.

Messrs. Codman, Hannan and Watson, representing the Pas-a-Pas club, and Messrs. Gibson, Ryan and Waterman, representing the Fraternal Society, compose the committee arranging for the banquet December 10th.

Fred E. Ryan, formerly the Chicago correspondent of the *Deaf World*, has superseded W. S. Edwards as the representative of the *Deaf American* in this city.

S. E. Howard is the *Journal's* correspondent, Mr. Colby, the former correspondent of that paper, having moved to South Haven, Mich.

A. Jessie Waterman remains the *Mirror's* and *Register's* representative.

F. P. GIBSON.

ONE IMPORTANT FACT OVERLOOKED BY THE INSTITUTION PRESS.

OAKMONT, PA., NOV. 2, 1903.

Editor *The Silent Worker*, Trenton, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—I notice in *THE SILENT WORKER* a note of Miss Hypatia Boyd's wedding, but what seems to me a very beautiful incident connected with it, has not been noted in any of the Institution press. Miss Boyd was the teacher of that phenomenally bright blind-deaf pupil, Eva Halliday, who only entered the school in February, 1903, and now has a vocabulary too copious to keep track of any more, who writes beautifully on a Remington, writes and reads braille, and is so expert a little seamstress, that she is going to dress a doll for one of my grandchildren. Now it seems very beautiful to me that such a child should be present at the wedding of the teacher who lifted her from darkness, which Eva did.

Your's truly,

W. WADE.

State News.

Trenton.—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson gave them a surprise on Hallowe'en, in honor of their Wooden Wedding. The couple had invited Mr. and Mrs. Porter to tea, but instead of two about fifteen of Trenton's deaf made their appearance just as the hostess was getting tea ready for her two guests. The party, however, unloaded mysterious packages, and in a twinkling there was laid out on the dining room table broiled chicken, fried oysters, cake and coffee, enough for the whole party, and as they had finished the ice cream man left at their door bricques of delicious ice cream. To make the occasion complete, the party had contributed towards a handsome kitchen table and other useful wooden articles. The occasion was a complete and agreeable surprise as was evidenced by the radiance which overspread the countenances of the recipients. The party took a walk out to see the masqueraders, after which they returned to the cosy flat and spent a couple of hours in "Tailing the Donkey," and in pleasant conversation. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter, Miss Bessie Sutphin, of Flemington, and Messrs. George Wainwright and William Bennisson. To Mrs. R. B. Lloyd is due much of the success of the surprise.

Mr. William Bennisson has announced his engagement to Miss Lizzie Weeks, of Bergensfield, one of the prettiest deaf ladies in the State.

George Wainwright, of this city, celebrated his 21st birthday Thanksgiving evening, by giving a party. About thirty-five invitations were given out, the majority attending. It took place at the home of his aunt.

Bordentown.—Mr. George Morris has been working in a woolen mill here for sometime.

The Kinetoscope

AND NEW YORK NOTES

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.



ONE of the Western exchanges has taken up the "Prof." prefix and let us hope this time it will be effectual in squelching one of the silliest and most absurd of pretensions. Scattered through our school are men whom the title fits. There are not many. Some are deaf and some can hear and you do not smile when you hear them mentioned as Professor. It is more than likely that some of the fledglings from Gallaudet who get positions as teachers in schools for the deaf, do not approve of the appellation the Institution paper bestows on them. If they stop to consider that some of the members of Gallaudet's faculty are plain "Mr.," the absurdity of this nauseating nomenclature must be self-evident.

The Messenger (Ala.) sparkles with editorials of a classical nature that are about the best of any of that line in any of our exchanges. Though they are unsigned, they have the Harpers Round Table "ear-marks" that reveal the writer of them to be our old friend, Prof. Weston Jenkins.

We still look, and look, in vain, for the old time scintillations of Harris Taylor in the *Mt. Airy World*, but that publication pursues the even tenor of its way with nothing but the name of the old time humorist and philosopher at the head of the editorial column to show that he has any connection with our Journalism.

The *Kentucky Standard*, Iowa *Hawkeye*, Minnesota *Companion*, *Lone Star Weekly*, and Florida *School Herald* are no longer sent to this department. Each of them is missed. 56 West 105th St., is the address, by the way, in the event of any of them having overlooked us.

The *Illinois Advance* in its old name and a new dress is well edited, splendidly printed and in every way is a model school paper.

The *Mirror*, in a mild way, has at last called down some of its numerous "cors" as they delight to call themselves. It reads the riot act in good style. This was due, no doubt, to the volubility of a newly married "cor." who gave a rather unvarnished tale of wedded felicities from the standpoint of a matron of some two weeks standing who had the colossal nerve to publicly dissect her aimable (I used the word advisedly) spouse who seems to have stood for all. As a portrayal of domestic life which, never should have been told, it probably out ranks the rankest.

A little paragraph written to express my entire satisfaction that education by strictly manual methods results in an equipment of good English, in the last issue of this paper, resulted in column editorials by editor Hecker of the *Hoosier* and editor Hodgson of the *Journal*. The former commended by point of view and built upon it. The *Journal* scoffed at the *Hoosier* man's narrow (?) views. With their differences, I have naught to do.

I first met the Rochester product in the concrete at the Rochester Convention in 1897. I have since met them at other conventions, and the net result of all my observation was summed up in my statement that no matter how little the Rochester student knew, he could handle the English language correctly.

That, no matter how little may appear as a slur, I want to wipe it out. It's no reflection, on the contrary, it implies a great deal. I mean what I say when I remark that I have not met a "Westerveltian" who could not talk straight, correct English.

And I have met a good many products of the

Rochester school, too, though perhaps I have been unusually fortunate in only having met the brighter ones.

It's an old and threadbare subject, this method question, and far be it from my purpose to stir it up again. Signs are a blessing to us who are deaf—one of the compensations that make life bright. All spelling is a tedious bore—a strain on the eyes and a weight on the mind. All oral speech to deaf people is a gamble with the odds about 40 to 1 that it is not thoroughly understood, and with 6 to 2 against it that it's only partially understood.

But signs—you may misunderstand one or two here and there, but you can still catch the sense of the whole. You can watch signs (when the sign maker is of the average kind) without effort, without strain, without fatigue and with but a trifle more effect than listening with the medium Nature intended.

It's in the abuse of the sign-language that its opponents find their arguments. As with the deaf so with the stenographer. Teach English first, implant it as thoroughly as the soil permits and shorthand whether it be the hooks and crooks of Pitman, or the fanciful gestures of the deaf-mute, will come in all right.

The stenographer learns words first—their formation, spelling and pronunciation. With this thoroughly learned, it's only a matter of study and application to be able to write characters to represent the spoken words.

And here we have a difference. While the stenographer's notes are a literal transcript of the spoken words, the sign interpretation is a makeshift that, while it answers a purpose, and a good one too, it is at such a tangent with spoken or written language, that those who place too much dependence on it, never become good scholars. Some of the best sign-makers I have ever met, those who could be most picturesque, forceful, emphatic and direct in expressing themselves in signs, fell down every time they tried to spell a six word sentence. Some fell down on shorter sentences, and some would do likewise on a combined word. The sign for a Baggage master, as usually made, is master-Baggage—this is a single instance—there are hundreds and hundreds of similar instances where reversals are due to the fact that the sign for the words are reversal. Reform spelling associations are plentiful enough. What we deaf people need are sign reform associations. The sign-language can stand a good deal of reforming.

Once in twenty-two years of deafness I have heard. Not literally heard sound, but came pretty close to it. It was a lecture, and the lecturer was Miss Myra L. Barrager, herself a deaf woman and a teacher of eminent ability and worth, and a valued member of the New York Institution faculty, and herself a splendid example of what the New York school does for its graduates.

With the subject of the lecture this article has nothing to do. Miss Barrager spoke so clearly, so lucidly, and there was not a halt nor a break from beginning to end. I wrote of it at the time commending the Cameo-like expressions, and I am mentioning it again because of its timeliness. Here were signs and spelled. Words and sentences uttered as if they were spoken by a master in the Elocutionary art. Here was a new found delight to the deaf. Such a sensation that made the lecture a fascination and a delight. Even had it been "dry bones," still would it have been enjoyable.

As an antithesis to this you have the spelling of those who substitute punching-bag methods and who emphasize what they say by tireless and silly repetition; who prance up and down, back and forth, stretch their faces almost completely off the frame work Mother Nature gave than to support it on, open and close their mouths, close and open their eyes, kick the floor, pound tables, punch holes in the atmosphere and otherwise comfort themselves as if they were hopeless tenants of padded cells in some "daffy" retreat.

The first step in the rehabilitation of signs—perhaps rehabilitation is the wrong word, since it is not evident that they ever were wholly consistent as to have them used in the exact order of the spoken and written language. The next step is to use them interchangeably and fix their exact definition and status.

This is a good work for our conventions, and

when order is brought about our oralist friends will have their most potent weapon of offense spiked.

No doubt there are many qualified as well as Miss Barrager to show how thoroughly signs can be made to take the place of the most exact English phrases, but in the absence of knowledge of their existence and whereabouts, I would strongly commend her ability to the Teachers Convention.

This naturally leads to another subject—and a pleasant one for speculation. I am unable to comprehend why there is still a discrimination against deaf teachers. For the life of me I cannot make out why heads of schools are glad to take on young women teachers fresh from high schools, normal schools and colleges, who know absolutely nothing of the deaf, or the methods of teaching them, and applications from young women who know it all (the art of teaching the deaf, and the art of reaching the deaf heart and the deaf understanding) are passed over. When the deaf women (and the deaf man, too, are competent by reason of the collegiate training they get at Gallaudet, or the higher educational facilities of such schools as Prof. Currier's, they can step right in the class room and teach with a purpose and an ability and an understanding that the hearing teacher will not be possessed of until years of experience with every phase of deaf child nature has hammered it into him.

Is a teacher any the less competent to teach the deaf because the teacher does not hear?

Look on one of Douglas Tilden's creations! What does it matter that the artist is a deaf-mute. Is he any the less an artist—less the creator of marvels in marble or less the builder of the beautiful in bronze?

Tilden simply knows how to do a great work and do it well. His deafness does not figure at all. If you had a deaf son, who showed an aptitude for the art of Michel Angelo, would not you far rather put him under a Tilden than one who could hear, and therefore naturally could not understand his limitations, his weakness, his shortcomings, and by his knowledge of all those overcome his delinquencies and his apparent shortcomings?

And where is the radical difference between school-room teaching and the clay modelling room? There isn't any!

Pope's "The proper study of mankind is man!" is applicable to the point that the proper ones to educate the deaf are those who are themselves deaf. I wouldn't have all deaf teachers in a school for the deaf, but I'd have a majority.

All over the land to-day, the great game of football is the sport of the youth at the fountains of Knowledge—College, Academies, schools. The men on the field are coached—by old players—men who know the game because they've been through it—know from experience what it is to be foundations of human pyramids aggregating a dozen, and weighing a ton or more. No mere instructor in physical culture could undertake such a work.

And this is the situation of the deaf man and woman. They will learn more and work best under their fellows, who have overcome all the tremendous obstacles that deafness and dumbness involves, and whose learning has been acquired as the result of hard knocks, downs, punishments for unintentional off-side play, and deprivations for failure to make sufficient gains in a given time.

I have known young women to take places as teachers in schools for the deaf when they had neither heart in the work nor mind on it—ready to leave it when matrimony came into the horizon of their view, and sticking to it merely because of the emolument and because it was easy (to them). At the same time there were other young women who had fitted themselves for the work as their life work, and incidentally to support themselves and supports other, on it, and they had to take up millinery or dress making or copying letters at a few dollars per week, because schools for the deaf were closed to them because of their deafness.

History has recorded masters of music who were blind. Would Beethoven, as a teacher, been rejected because of his lack of sight?

All England's resources, all her wealth all her ingenuity, cannot design a yacht that is able

to outvail one of Herreshoff's creations. Isn't it all the more wonderful that a sightless designer can build yachts that those gifted with sight cannot equal.

Though the marvel is the greater, there would be nothing but rank folly in excluding Herreshoff from a yacht builder's contest—it is no disability, this blindness to a Herreshoff of the past, or to a very much alive Tilden whom many of us know, some by his personality, some by his works and some, myself among them, by both.

And this brings me back to the point where I started—if a man, or woman, by sheer ability and hard work, achieves an education, not withstanding such a heavy handicap as deafness and dumbness, through the restricted mental environment that such a condition involves in childhood and youth, and who, despite this bar to progress, reaches and successfully passes through college, I say that this man, or this woman, is better qualified to instruct his fellow deaf than any other if he (or she) has, in any degree the ability to impart knowledge there—are a few that have not—there are many that have. Nor is even the Bachelor's Degree, or any other degree for that matter, an essential, and the Ida Montgomery's, the Myra Barrager's. The many other successful teachers of the deaf who went straight from pupilhood to the full teacher's investiture prove it.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in October—a day that was warm for the season, and wraps only tolerable for fear of what might happen if none were worn. There were seven of us, and of the seven two were of the gentler sex. We had all met the evening before to celebrate the quarter century anniversary of two fellow deaf people whose wedded life had been one of joy. And now it was Sunday, and we were in Trenton in the state of New Jersey. And we thought we would attend service. All over the city were churches, and all the churches had services, and all the services were nil to us, for we were all deaf. And through the potent power of a potentially powerful pull, the doors of the State Prison were opened to us, and we attended a service there. Now visitors are not, usually, allowed to attend a service in the State Prison, and in fact they are not allowed at all, so no provision is made for them. But the good warden (a new one) saw no reason why a well behaved party of deaf people should not be his guests on Sunday at a service, and so he provided for us in the only place providable.

We entered the prison chapel and got only a glimpse of the 1136 men who, for one reason or another, are wearing the red, black stripes—but we get only a glimpse for we are not to see or to be seen. On one side of the chapel ten seats are screened off for the 36 women who are imprisoned for terms from one year to all the years of their life—and the women convicts are not not allowed to see their fellow criminals.

The women are somewhat surprised to see seven visitors, and on a Sunday too, but when they learn that the visitors are deaf, all resentment disappears, and in its place is very evident, and by no means concealed or repressed evidences of pity—I was going to say—but it wasn't that—commiseration is the better word. One of the 36, at least, understood the peculiar formation of the lips necessary to make clear to a deaf person, spoken words, and both the young women in our party were good lip-readers. The stern keeper relaxed his usual severity and between the woman prisoners a clear exposition of what was going on was had.

We could not see the preacher, except at rare intervals, when he walked over to the side of the platform nearest to us, and even then we could only see the top of his head. We soon became quite friendly with the unfortunates—two thirds of them were negroes. Several were "lifers," at least three were murderers—but there was not one single criminal face among all the women. One of them, the poor creature known as Libbie Garabrant, almost an automaton, who poisoned a brute of a husband when she was a slip of a girl of sixteen, is now, after thirty-two years confinement so much flesh and blood, Surely "The People," by whom she is confined, have punished her enough!

A sweet faced girl borrowed hymn-books from her convict sisters to supply us all, so that we might follow them while they sang!

"Cast out every barrier, break down every foe,
Oh wash me and I shall be whiter than snow,

and while this poor creature sang, lustily and heartily, one hand held the hymn book and the other wiped away the tear that tricked down her cheeks—handkerchiefs are not a part of the very limited personal equipment of female convicts. Her face, far from being that of a felon, was of a pure girl and her whole manner betokened it—it was backed up by her own statement: "I am not a bad girl—it's not my fault that I am here." When chapel was over, we asked the Keeper what her crime was, and why such a good girl was an inmate of a State Prison. The Keeper smiled, "Not such a very good girl," he said, "Blackmailer—four years—second offense, and her husband is here too."

The shock!

Then we watched dismissal from chapel. The 1136 male prisoners marched off in battalions to the seven wings of the prison to their cells—each receiving, on entering his tier, his Sunday dinner—a bowl of soup and three slices of bread. No lock-step now—enlightened humanity has abolished that, and with it the convict clip.

We make the tour of all the wings, one of the party in fear and hope and trepidation. A few days before the gates of that Prison swung open and a loved friend of boyhood days became a prisoner to serve a sentence of seven years for breach of trust. The boy who entered a banking institution as a clerk and rose to be a power in the community and cashier of a bank he had founded was now a convict, and all due to an insatiate and inordinate desire to become a Master Banker, a man to be pointed out as a star in the world of finance. And honestly earned dividends of four per cent actually were boosted up to unearned dividends of eight per cent and the money came from the Bank. It's an old story—old, old story. Sometime it would be paid back by the same kind of financeering—but the day never came. Exposure, disgrace—wreck—trial,—confession—sentence.

"Seven years hard labor in the State Penitentiary with fifty-two days commutation for good behavior each year."

Two months before two of the party had bid the Banker good bye as he got into his own carriage, driven by his coachman. To-day they ed, yet hoped, to see him. On each tier entrance is a list of the prisoners and their cell numbers. Old and faded typewritten lettering, and each freshly written name was scanned—the familiar name—the same old and valued friend—the confidante and companion of boyhood days was not in evidence till the last tier was reached—and there it stood out in burning letters of fire.

When the office was reached again an effort was made to have an interview. All through the days of the troubles we had never met (for the man was the writer's friend of days long before deafness came) and now there was a heart aching desire to shake his hand and extend sympathy, there was no idle curiosity—but the rules were inflexible—almost—the warden would relax them. The deaf people went off by themselves and shortly the two friends met—friends of other days—one by force of circumstances deaf to all sounds—the other—by force of circumstances dead to the world. After a half hour's pleasant talk, we are all in the open air again—free to go whither we listed—each busy with his own thoughts—each impressed with the saddening, and the most impressive service, under the most depressing and heart-eating circumstances they had ever known. Stone walls and iron bars do a prison make, and the tragedies of those confined within them are never told.

A. L. PACH.

John T. Jameson, the transfer man, is one of those close observers who considers existing conditions, and bases his opinions more upon what he knows than what he hears, says the *Missouri Telegraph*. He has one rather unique way of

knowing when Missouri has had a prosperous year. For fifteen years he has had the contract to haul the trunks of the pupils of the school for the deaf, and personally handles a large number of them. At the opening of school this year, he remarked that "things have prospered generally this year in Missouri." When asked what prompted this statement, he said: "You can always tell by the weight of their baggage whether times are good or not. The pupils came from all over the state and represent families in nearly every condition of life. The fall after the drouth, most of the trunks were pretty light, but this year they are all about as heavy as they can be loaded. I have handled them often enough to know, and if there was no other sign of prosperity I could tell by those trunks."—*Missouri Record*.

The following note from one of the deaf boys was handed to our Superintendent a few days ago:

"Dear Supt. Bowles,—

"You remember that you let me go fishing with some boys five years ago. I needed some fish hooks, but had no money, so I had to steal three eggs from the henhouse to exchange for some hooks. I want to be a good boy, so I bring you six cents to pay for the eggs and I hope you will forgive me. I know you will be glad that I confess it."—*Goodson Gazette*.

Daniel C. Picard, who graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston, last June, is now assistant chemist with the Southern Cotton Oil Company, at Atlanta, Ga. In all the ramifications of the commercial and business world, the deaf are pushing their way. In the higher avocations, statistics of successful work by the deaf show an ever increasing ratio. And a century has not yet elapsed since the first school for their education was established. It is not so many years since a sort of hearing guardian was needed to plead for the admission of the deaf into business establishments and manufactories. And even today there are traces of skepticism among the public as to the capabilities of a man who can not hear and talk. Thanks to the "enlightened selfishness" of legislatures that make appropriations for the education of the deaf, the many examples of intelligent industry and high-grade capacity in the vast army of deaf-mute workers are working a wonderful change in public opinion and individual incredulity, and the barriers of doubt are gradually falling away. As in many other instances, Mr. Picard's success will redound to the benefit of the great mass of deaf-mutes, inasmuch as it will help open to them avenues of occupation, and opportunities for employment, which have heretofore been denied them, simply on account of their affliction. The 20th Century will see the complete triumph of both the wireless telegraph and the talkless worker.—*D. M. Journal*.

We can not exactly say our School opened this year under the most favorably auspices, for it is claimed that our appropriation bill was inadvertently held by the enrolling committee of the senate until the twenty day constitutional limit had expired and therefore was never legally signed up. However, we feel that, under the circumstances, we opened well and that we have no cause to be in the least discouraged. A sufficient amount of money for salaries has been borrowed, the most of it by Gov. Davis, and arrangements have been made with firms, both local and foreign, to carry us as to supplies. Every department of the school opened promptly on opening day, October 7, with the usual large crowd of bright faced, happy children, and the officers and teachers begun their labors for the term in the best of spirits, giving evidence on every side of whole-hearted enthusiasm for the work before them. The fact is we are organized and moving along just as though we had all the money in the state treasury at our disposal, excepting and saving the fact that it now seems we must wait for our new building. We want it distinctly understood that we are not "poor folks" and do not intend to be treated as such. Honesty compels us to admit, however, that things did look a little blue for a while.—*Arkansas Optic*.

Massachusetts.



THE New England Home, in Allston, has been visited by a great many delegates hailing from the six states who have expressed themselves as being interested in the "Home," which has, by degrees, grown into large proportions. Our sentiment lies in the fact that we co-operate with the object of helping the Home. The building fund plan of benevolence has come into vogue. Mr W. E. Shaw is devoted heart and soul to the Home and has earnestly encouraged the co-operation of his aristocratic friends in Brookline.

The proceeds of his prospective electrical exhibition will go to the building fund and he hopes to rake in a great number of shekels. He has secured the use of Chapel Hall in the Howard Congregational Church gratis, through the kind consent of his pastor, Rev. Dr. Reuben Thomas, and among his exhibits will be the electrical clock, a white deaf cat, the X-Ray machine, and the Acoustics. It is hoped his exhibition will meet with success financially, as Mr. Shaw has worked so indefatigably for the worthy charity. Mr. Shaw has been taught to handle the X-Ray, and is so well prepared that he will try to make every thing interesting.

October 2nd, the Harvest Party came off at St. Andrew's Hall, Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, the leading spirit of the Episcopal sect, having auctioned off some fruits and vegetables. The net proceeds were turned over to charity and Mr. Frisbee remarked that a goodly sum of money was realized. The party consisted of a small audience, owing to the death of Mrs. Jennie Wise, which cast a gloom over, not only Boston, but throughout all New England. She was interested in every worthy cause for the handicapped people, and was in every sense of the word an active charity worker, always lending a willing, helping hand to any object whether or not she was on the committee. She was the widow of Charles P. Wise and had a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Wise's funeral was attended by quite a large number of her friends, Thursday, October 1st. Rev. Mr. Searing officiated, with the assistance of his lay reader, Mr. Frisbee. He concluded with a beautiful eulogy on the life of the deceased. The Charitable Relief Society sent some flowers as a kind remembrance.

Mr. George A. Holmes lost his darling mother at the age of 86, Sunday, October 4th. Her illness was of short duration. She was buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Everett, Mass., Tuesday, October 6th.

Mrs. George Burrucker, of Worcester, was run over by an electric car in that city and crushed to death. As she was crossing the street, the motorman tried to motion to her, but the lady overlooked the danger. The motorman could hardly lessen the rate of speed and the car knocked Mrs. Burrucker down causing instant death.

Eldredge A. Wellington, of Roxbury, Mass., is a prosperous car painter and owns a new elegant house, which is furnished with modern conveniences. He is very popular with his co-workers, among some of whom are his lodgers.

Edward Welch told me that a movement is on foot to start a Home for Aged, Infirm and Blind Deaf-Mutes, in Canada, through the benevolence of James Burger, of Montreal. Mr. Burger is a foreman in an upholstering establishment and has taught many deaf-mutes the trade of upholstering. He is trying to raise a fund of \$5,000 with which to purchase a farm-house for this object in view.

The "Home" project commends itself to every one in Canada, so Mr. Welch feels assured that Mr. Burger will succeed, for he is on popular terms with his friends.

The marriage of Arthur A. Sinclair, of Cambridge, to Dorothy Williams, of Walden, was solemnized by Rev. Mr. S. S. Searing. Congratulations showered on them both.

Mrs. Jane Crossett has made Allston her home

with the old folks. She enjoys their company and makes friends, through sallies of wit and vivacity.

Harry E. Babbitt has announced his intention to hold a grand Thanksgiving entertainment, November 25th, for the benefit of the building fund of the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes, Aged, Infirm or Blind. He believes that the old folks should live more economically within a radius of eight or twenty from Boston.

Monday, October 12, Edward McEntee's home was the scene of a large gathering of his silent friends. Refreshments and ice-cream were served, and games were indulged in, so as to while away the time. They dispersed at a late hour.

J. C. PIERCE.

Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. David E. Charles, of Millersburg, who has been visiting relatives and friends in Lancaster, his former home, returned to his work-bench in Millersburg, on Sunday. Mr. Charles, who is a shoe laster by trade, seems to have learned the truth of the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," since he has stuck to his present job for half a score of years. He looks as fat and jolly as possible and as full of old Institution stories as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kauffman, of near Witmer, entertained very pleasantly a number of their friends on Sunday, the last of October. They have a pleasant country home and a cute little daughter Bertha of two years old, who is their pride and joy.

Mrs. A. M. Albright tendered her friends a fine sour-kraut supper on the last Saturday of October, in honor of the birthday anniversary of her husband William Albright. The guests present had a real old-fashioned German supper and a good time all around.

Rev. Franklin C. Smileau held two services for his people here on Sunday, the 7th inst., which was more largely attended—at least in the afternoon, than for some time past. The morning service included the Holy Communion and the afternoon service was a Thanksgiving service. Both were much enjoyed by those present. The writer read a letter sent to Rev. Smileau from the Deaf-Mute Commission of Reading, in which a strong plea was made to the deaf to give more liberally to the cause of Christ. I fear we are all too prone to forget that which we give is not given to an individual, but to God, and that God Himself will reward our giving, if it is in the right spirit our offering is made. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Since writing of our trip last summer to beautiful and historic Ephrata, we learn that Messrs. James, Timothy and Miss Mary Purvis, and we believe, Mr. James Purvis and Mrs. Purvis, Campbell, of Philadelphia, are all direct descendants of the founder of that fine old Cloister. Peter Miller may have been, and doubtless was, a rough, uneducated man, according to our ideas of people who lived a hundred years ago, but he was a noble man—one whose beautiful, forgiving and Christian spirit we would do well to imitate.

Miss Anna Brunner, of Lancaster, has been spending a few days at Lititz, the guest of the writer's sister-in-law, Mrs. F. W. Downey. She reports a fine time—plenty of apples and chestnuts and pop-corn galore!

This is County Teacher's Institute week, and our city is full of severe and dignified-looking school marms. On Thursday, the court house was packed to hear Prof. Oram Lyte, of the State Normal School, lecture on the subject of Practical Education. We were given some "notes" of the lecture, but how much sooner we would have liked to have had "ears to hear" for ourselves.

The farmers hereabouts are busy husking corn, although some more "spry" than others are already done. The corn crop this year is an unusually large and fine one—at least it is said.

Mrs. Lydia Rohrer, and little son Isreal, spent part of Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Musser, on South Ann street. Mr. Rohrer has also a cute little daughter, Esther, who is just beginning to try to make her wishes known through the medium of the sign-language.

Mr. Aaron Z. Buchter, who is employed in the shirt factory at Terre Hill, and boards with his married sister, Mrs. Martin Coldren, attended

Rev. Smileau's services on Sunday. As there is soon to be a trolley line from Terre Hill direct to Lancaster, we hope more of the deaf living in that vicinity will attend the church services each month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Myers attended a delightful surprise party, given by their aunt, Mrs. Margaret Wiley, on Lancaster avenue, in honor of her son John, who is soon to lead to the altar a popular young lady of this city.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

Our Canadian Letter.

THE LATE CASSIE FRASER.

The deaf of Toronto and even of the Ontario have lost a most popular and highly esteemed friend in the person of Mrs. Fraser, the devoted and dearly beloved wife of Mr. Philip Fraser, the popular president of our Association, and one of the best known deaf-mutes in Canada today.

The deceased lady, whose maiden name was Cassie Johnson, died on November 4th at 107 Northbeaconsfield Ave., Toronto, of lung trouble, followed by a severe attack of inflammation in the region of the heart, which brought on hemorrhage, from which she died after enduring great suffering, which she bore with great patience and Christian fortitude.

Mrs. Fraser was a lady of sweet disposition and contentment, lovable in her manners and was a friend of the poor and weak and her cheerful countenance and sense of brightness made her dear to the hearts of her countless friends throughout the land, who are deeply grieved to learn of her untimely end in the high noon of her life. She leaves behind her a sorrowing husband and five motherless children to mourn her loss. And they have the profound sympathy of their friends in their sad bereavement.

OUR SICK BENEFIT SOCIETY.

We wonder if there is any sick benefit society among the deaf of America that can challenge comparison with our own organization in regard to efficiency and strength as ours can boast of being one of the finest benefitting bodies among the deaf in Canada, and although it is only in its infancy, it has already been helping many who would otherwise be thrown out in the cold for lack of proper funds to pay their barest necessities, and Mr. George W. Reeves, the president, may well feel proud of his crowning enterprise, for it was through his sheer forethought and skill that this benevolent Society was founded and brought up to its present high standard of excellence and usefulness.

FOOTBALL.

Of all the field sports played in Canada, none are more popular among our deaf friends than is Association foot-ball, and it would be difficult to find any deaf-mutes in our land that have not played on the football campus. All through the fall our football enthusiasts could be seen every fine day indulging in this favorite and exhilarating pastime. Our first team were in one of the city leagues, and though they had to battle with some of the hardest teams in the city, they made a remarkable showing against their powerful antagonists and came out second in the race for the city championship, only allowing their superior rivals to finish first by very close calls.

Although we did not win this time, we are confident of landing the honor next time, if we are able to maintain our present high standing and we are going to keep at it till we win.

EVENING PARTY GALORE.

One of the jolliest evening parties we have had so far this season was given by the Misses Lizzie and Grace Muckle at their pretty home on November 11th and it may safely be said that it was one of the best we have had for a long time. It was in the form of a combined surprise and farewell party, given in honor of Miss Gertie Holt, a young and popular lady from Ottawa, who left for home on the 16th ult. after a month's pleasant sojourn here.

Throughout the evening the guests, who numbered twenty-four, twelve of either sex, kept the ball of fun and excitement rolling and every one participated in the mirth of merriment with a jest of hearty good-will.

The midnight repast was given ample justice and many a sharp appetite was satisfactorily gratified.

JACK CANNUCK.

Items of Interest.

EDITED BY R. B. LLOYD.

Water Supply of Large Cities.

Rome has a water supply of 200,000,000 gallons a day, London only 160,000,000 and Paris 90,000,000. The average daily consumption of Greater New York is about 400,000,000 gallons.

A Precious Particle.

The American Academy of Natural History in New York has a specimen of radium on exhibition. Although it weighs only two grains it is the largest sample in this country, and is worth about \$300. A short time ago it would have cost \$3000.

Iron in Mexico.

In the near future Mexico will probably derive more wealth from her coal and iron deposits than from all her mines of gold and silver. The carboniferous region extends over many thousands of square miles. The coal found is equal to the best Pennsylvania coal. In the state of Durango there is a hill composed entirely of iron ore. It is 640 feet high and is estimated to contain 300,000,000 tons of solid iron.

Parrot and Thief.

A parrot in a New York store screamed so persistently for the policeman that he came at last from several blocks away and discovered a thief hiding under a bed. Another parrot in a Philadelphia saloon kept repeating so often, "I am stolen. I am stolen," that the police made an investigation and discovered that the bird had actually been purloined and sold to the saloon-keeper.

Cleanliness of Insects.

Personal habits of social insects are very cleanly; they brush and lick themselves with great assiduity. The bees have a special antennae comb developed on the front leg, a circular aperture set with spines, through which the antennae may be drawn. The ants have developed a regular comb in the form of a spur on the tibia of the front leg. This spur is set with strong spines, and is used by the ant exactly as we would use a comb and brush. Ants often lend a helping mandible or tongue to their fellows when performing toilet duties, amicably licking each other clean.

Skeleton Contrast.

The largest and the smallest skeletons, so far as is known in the world, stand side by side in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Since either of these skeletons would have been a centre of attraction in any museum or side show, this comparative exhibit is a remarkable one. The larger of the pair is that of the giant O'Brien, who stood eight feet in his stockings, or a trifle less in his skeleton feet. His companion is only eighteen inches in height. It is that of Carolina Ceachami, a midget famous throughout Europe a generation ago.

Sunken Treasure.

About the year 1835, a Spanish vessel ran on the reefs near the southern point of Florida and became a total loss. She was laden with silver ore from the mines of Mexico. A number of years after the wreck a sailor appeared in Miami with a chart showing the position of the wreck and endeavored to raise funds to recover the ore. His efforts, however, were unsuccessful. The chart came at length into the hands of an American sea captain named Jennings and after making a series of explorations he has lately filed a libel on the wreck with the United States Court at Jacksonville. He says that the hull is covered with sand several feet in depth, but surface digging therein discloses silver-ore of much richness.

Dentists Use Much Gold.

If there is a scarcity of gold during the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries dentists, according to German statistician, will probably be more to blame than any one else.

He asserts that they use every year in filling teeth and other work about eight hundred kilogrammes of gold, the value of which is \$500,000, and that at this rate the graveyards of the various countries will contain in three hundred years from now \$150,000,000 worth of gold.

The Burning of Sodom.

Recent studies into the geology of the Jordan Valley go far to confirm in a remarkable degree the Biblical account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and of the crossing of the Jordan by the children of Israel under the leadership of Joshua.

The Jordan Valley is a great crack in the earth's surface in an exhausted oil and gas district, the signs of which are abundant, both in the existing rocks and in the large quantities of bitumen or asphalt which are found about Jericho and the Dead Sea.

The description of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah fits so perfectly to the explosion and burning of such a combustible reservoir that it could not have been invented, but must be the simple tale of any eye-witness.

Expensiveness of Hair.

Human hair is one of the most expensive commodities on the market. Some hair costs \$100 an ounce; that is \$1600 a pound. It is the pure white hair cut from the head of a living person and measuring at least 30 inches. Shorter hair of the purest white also commands a high price. There is very little of it for sale. Many aged people have it, but they will not sell. White hair tinged with yellow is of very little value. A wig of pure white hair, made for the wife of a wealthy Chicago banker cost her \$1200. It took nearly a year to collect the hair and about five ounces were used in the wig. The most expensive hair, next to pure white hair, is what is known as ash-blonde. It is worth about \$50 an ounce.

The cheapest kind of hair is black Chinese hair, cut from the queues of Chinamen. It is worth about \$8 a pound.

Around the World in Fifty-four Days.

When Jules Verne wrote his story of Phineas Fogg's trip around the world in eighty-days the feat was regarded as impossible, and so it was under existing circumstances. Now, however, the trip has been made in fifty-four days by Mr. Henry Frederick, of New York city. He left New York on the steamer "Deutschland," July 2 of the present year and returned at midnight August 26. He, however, had the assistance of the Siberian railway which Mr. Fogg did not have. At Yokohama he missed the regular steamer for San Francisco and, taking another vessel, probably lost seven days.

Another gentleman, Mr. P. M. Spencer, of Cleveland, O., thinks he can perform the journey in 40 days and is now in correspondence with railway and steamship officials in various parts of the world relating to such a trip.

Siman Politeness.

An Italian organ grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into a Western town recently, and stopping in front of a large stone house, began to grind out "Daisy Bell."

The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and a cap. While his master was grinding, the monkey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, came up into the yard. He was at once spied by a fox terrier, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey waited the contest with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house and would not leave it until satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

Roman Bricks.

The rebuilding of the Campanile in Venice has begun. It is expected that the structure will be finished by 1906. Although the fall of the tower was a deplorable loss, some good attended it in the opportunity it gave archeologists to examine the bricks.

It was found that the bricks had been used in arches, fortifications, the tops of walls and in other ways before they were built into the Campanile, and that they are not Venetian but Roman bricks.

The ancient bricks were made in slices, for in many the layers could be seen undisturbed. It is said that bricks made this way can bear a greater weight than modern bricks.

The bricks examined were of the first century. One of them bore the imprint of a horseshoe, which may prove that that Romans used a horseshoe like ours, although it is generally believed that their horseshoes were strapped on, not nailed.

Pup vs. Game-Cock.

Cy. Warman tells this interesting little story in Lippincott's Magazine:—One day a little wasp of a game-cock slipped through between the pickets, and when Spot saw him he went to him. The little boy and the little girl watched him lope down the lawn, his tail swinging round and round like a switchman's arm in a back-up signal.

The game cock stood his ground until Spot was only about four inches away, when he moved to one side as the pup panted past him. The pup stopped, went about, and made another run at the chicken, but the cock side-stepped. Spot appeared to see here what promised to be a great game of bumble puppy, but the game-cock was not playful. After tilting his head this way and that way and giving the cock another back-up signal with his tail, the pup started to walk the chicken down. He approached slowly, two or three steps at a time. When he had come up to within a few feet of the cock he rushed him. It never occurred to the game-cock to caitiff, but when the pup approached he winged himself up about eleven inches from the lawn. As the pup passed under, the cock hooked him in behind with his knee gaffs, and the pup screamed murder. Making a wide circle, he loped back to his friends.

After flapping his wings and crowing loudly the little game cock walked away to the country again, while the boy, red-faced and severe-looking, heaved great imaginary stones at the scene of the trouble. The frightened pup put his head down in his mistress's lap and cried himself to sleep. Once he woke with a start and a little cry, and then with a long deep, quivering sob he fell asleep again, while the child patted and petted and little mothered him in that gentle way that women have with things they love.

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